BICENTENNIAL MAN

ANDREW MARTIN

Director's Rewrite

Screenplay By

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EXT. U.S. ROBOTIC'S FACTORY - DAY 1.

A SIGN, attached to a chain link fence, reads:

U.S. ROBOTICS. NORTHERN REGION FACTORY.

CAMERA CRANES UPWARD, revealing an enormous, futuristic, INDUSTRIAL FACTORY, constructed of sleek glass and steel. It feels contemporary, but the automobiles in the parking lot feel odd, dissonant, refracted by time. A TITLE CARD appears:

APRIL 3. 2020.

INT. U.S. ROBOTICS FACTORY - DAY 2.

We are inside of a high tech, pristine FACTORY. Machines, conveyor belts, do most of the work. But several WORKERS IN WHITE COATS circulate, scientists more than laborers. It is the futuristic version of GENERAL MOTORS. With ONE enormous difference.

Here, they build ROBOTS.

We begin MAIN TITLES, over a fast paced MONTAGE that chronicles the construction of various robots.

Raw materials: PLASTIC. TIN. CHEMICAL ALLOYS. COMPUTER CHIPS. All are being FASTENED TOGETHER.

ROBOTIC FINGERS are mechanically fitted into a METALLIC HAND.

PLEXIGLAS BONES, TENDONS and a menagerie of WIRES are elegantly layered into a ROBOTIC ARM.

Countless ROWS OF TORSOS are fitted with MUSCLE PADDING and a METALLIC OUTER SKIN.

ROBOTIC FEET and LEGS are tested for accurate MOVEMENT.

Conveyor belts, lined with ROBOT SKULLS are fitted with EYES. A NOSE. EARS. A MOUTH.

Into the empty cranium, the POSITRONIC BRAIN is gently inserted. The top of the skull is CLOSED.

The skull is then lifted, attached to a robot BODY. A conveyor belt carries the COMPLETED ROBOT into another room.

INT. U.S. ROBOTICS FACTORY - STORAGE ROOM - DAY 3.

The completed robot is lifted from the conveyor belt by an overhead CRANE. The robot is placed onto its feet. CAMERA CRANES BACK to reveal a room filled with HUNDREDS OF ROBOTS, being placed into individual WOODEN CRATES. The robots' outer shells are all IDENTICAL. There are SUBTLE DIFFERENCES in their facial appearance. They are separated into rows of MALE and FEMALE ROBOTS.

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The CAMERA DOLLIES into one particular robot, stopping on his face. This is our HERO. His expression is BLANK. LIFELESS.

EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS' FACTORY - DAY 4.

SEVERAL WORKERS carry WOODEN CRATES, each packed with a robot, into the backs of several parked high tech TRUCKS. The U.S. ROBOTICS' LOGO is painted onto the sides of each truck. MAIN TITLES END.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY 5.

A house out of a vanished age, a grand and MAJESTIC ESTATE, located on several acres. The home is isolated along a high ridge, overlooking the PACIFIC OCEAN. The place is surrounded by tall tree and colorful flowers. A smaller, charming GUEST COTTAGE is located at the rear of the house.

The U.S. Robotics truck pulls into the driveway. Two delivery men, MARCO and LONNIE get out, open the truck's rear door. They remove one WOODEN CRATE and carry it to the front of the house and ring the doorbell.

Peering from the front window is the owner of the house, SIR. He is 47 years old, a handsome man with enormous dignity, intelligence, and will power. But there is a sense of energy and good fun about him. A joy of living that his wealth hasn't diminished.

INT. MARTIN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 6.

We are inside of a large, warmly decorated living room. Sir turns from the window and SHOUTS.

SIR
Everybody downstairs! Melinda! Amanda! I've got a surprise for you!

Like a child on Christmas morning, Sir dashes into the foyer and opens the front door. Marco and Lonnie are here, holding the crate.

MARCO
Where do you want it?

SIR
This way.

Sir excitedly guides the Delivery Men back into the living room. Sir leads them to the middle of the room, where they place the crate, standing upright. Lonnie removes a packing order, gives it to Sir.

LONNIE
Sign here.

Sir signs the paper, tips the delivery men. They exit.

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Sir's wife, MA'AM, enters. She is in her late thirties, beautiful, but emotionally distant, self absorbed, with a sense of restlessness

MISS (Melissa) and LITTLE MISS (Amanda) run into the room, behind their Mother. Miss is 8 years old, the spoiled, older sister. Little Miss is 6 years old, sweet, curious and completely adorable.

LITTLE MISS
What is it, Daddy?!?

Sir pries open the front of the crate. A mound of packing materials pour into the room, revealing the ROBOT. Little Miss stares at the robot in alarm. Miss is unimpressed. Ma'am turns to her husband.

MA'AM
Don't you have to turn it on or something?

Sir frantically searches through the packing materials. He finds a small box, affixed with a sheet of instructions. Sir reads them.

SIR
Needs batteries.

Sir opens the box, removes a small cylindrical battery pak. Studying the instructions, Sir opens the robot's chest cavity and attempts to insert the power cell. It DOESN'T FIT properly, getting stuck.

MA'AM
What's wrong?

SIR
I got the power cell backward.

MISS (sighs)
I'm going back to my room. Call me when it's working.

SIR (struggles to remove power cell)
No. Wait. This should only take a--

Sir pulls TOO HARD. The power cell SLIPS out of his hand, HITS the floor and BREAKS INTO A FEW PIECES. Miss cackles, mean spirited.

MISS
Nice work, Dad.

Sir, frustrated, picks up the various pieces of the power cell, puts it back TOGETHER. Sir turns back to the robot, this time PROPERLY placing the power cell into the chest cavity. Sir HITS THE ROBOT'S "ON" SWITCH. We hear a LOUD CLICK. Something being TURNED ON. But the robot's eyes remain CLOSED.

MA'AM
Hope you got a warranty.

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Suddenly, the robot COMES TO LIFE. Its eyes FLUTTER. And OPEN. Sir steps TOWARD the robot.

SIR
Hello. Hi there. Are you working?

ROBOT (faint)
...Hello.

ROBOT'S POV: BLACK and WHITE. Like a newborn baby's POV. The robot focuses on his new surroundings, on Sir, Ma'am, the children.

SIR
Can you hear me? Are you alright?

ROBOT'S POV: Sir and the family shift into HARD FOCUS, slowly fade into COLOR.

ROBOT (hopefully)
Are you my family?

SIR (smiles)
Well, yeah... I guess so...

The robot steps OUT of the crate, looks around.

ROBOT
Everything is so... real...

Scared, Miss backs away from the robot, takes her Father's hand.

LITTLE MISS
It's... scary.

MISS
It's not scary. It's stupid.

SIR (dryly)
I doubt that.

MISS (bored)
Ben Harrison's family got one. So did Kate McCalister. They're all the same.

LITTLE MISS
What is it?

MISS
It's an android.

SIR
Not technically speaking, dear--

LITTLE MISS (intrigued)
It's an "Andrew"?

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SIR (amused)
Why not?
(to robot)
Hello, Andrew.

ANDREW
Is that my name, Sir?

SIR
Apparently--

Andrew makes a tiny, characteristic nod, indicating the information just received is going into his memory.

MISS
That's not fair. Why does she get to name it?

Miss gives Little Miss a nasty rib to the midsection. Ma'am breaks them up. Sir looks back to Andrew.

SIR
Do you come with a manual, Andrew?

(NOTE: Andrew's speech patterns are distinctive. Since he's a machine, most responses are INSTANTANEOUS. When he does pause to contemplate something, it suggests that he's taken aback and needs to adjust fundamental information on his memory crystal.)

ANDREW
Three, Sir. One printed. One on my crystal. And one voice.

SIR
Is the voice manual brief?

ANDREW (nods)
360 megabytes.

SIR
Let's play it.

Andrew nods. After a slight technical pause, the following is delivered at high-paid-radio announcer BREAKNECK SPEED:

ANDREW
One is a household robot. Programmed to perform menial tasks. Cooking. Cleaning. Making household repairs. Ordering food from the network. Playing with or supervising children. One can be taught almost anything, but has been programmed with no general knowledge whatsoever so that you, my family, can teach me whatever you choose.

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SIR
Very clever.

ANDREW
Thank you, Sir.

SIR
I mean the underlying theory, Andrew.

ANDREW
Yes, Sir. Would you care to hear the Three Laws Of Robotics? It is said to be a most entertaining presentation.

SIR
Sure. Okay.

The top of Andrew's skull FLIPS BACK dramatically. Little Miss CRIES OUT in fear, cowering in her Father's arms. She HIDES her eyes. Even Miss is SHOCKED by the scene. From the top of Andrew's skull, PROJECTED AROUND THE ROOM, in blinding light, are the THREE WRITTEN RULES. They begin to SCROLL, as Andrew simultaneously recites.

ANDREW
First Law. A robot may not injure a human being, or, through inaction, cause a human being to come to harm.
Second Law. A robot must obey all human orders except where such orders conflict with the First Law.
Third Law. A robot must protect itself so long as doing so does not conflict with the first two laws.

The blinding light CEASES. Andrew's skull SNAPS BACK TOGETHER. And he stands silently at ATTENTION. Little Miss peeks out from her fingers, hoping it's over. The family tries to regain equilibrium after this assault.

SIR
Andrew. Don't ever do that again.

ANDREW
Of course not, Sir. It's a one time only.

SIR
I certainly hope so.

ANDREW
So that no one forgets.

SIR
Mission accomplished, I'm sure.

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ANDREW
There is one more option, Sir, which one is obliged to point out. You can have me with or without personality.

SIR (long pause)
Dare I ask what this is?

ANDREW (isn't it obvious)
This? This is without personality. Sir. Would you care to see a demo?

SIR (quickly)
No. No. Thank you. I think I'll stick with what I've got.

ANDREW
A wise choice, Sir. If one may say so.

SIR (pondering)
What if I'd chosen with personality?

ANDREW
That would also have been a wise choice. You are, after all, the Master.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT 7.

Sir steps outside, leading Andrew toward the garage. They enter through a side door, walking upstairs.

INT. GARAGE - UPPER LEVEL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 8.

A small, ratty storage room, above the garage. Sir and Andrew enter. Sir flips on a light. He looks at Andrew.

SIR
You'll be staying here.

ANDREW
My room.

Sir nods. Andrew looks around, surveying the surroundings. PAINT CANS. TOOLS. BROKEN TOYS. AN OLD LAWN MOWER. A RUSTED BICYCLE. Sir is uncomfortable, awkward. What do you say to a robot?

SIR
Well... Mmm... Good night.

ANDREW
It certainly is, Sir.

SIR
No, Andrew. The... The proper response to "Good Night" is... "Good night".

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ANDREW (nods)
Good night.

SIR
Yes.

ANDREW
You just said "Yes".

SIR
Yes...

ANDREW
But the proper response to "Good night" is "Good night".

SIR (flustered)
Right... But, I...

ANDREW
Good night, Sir.

SIR (sighs)
Good night, Andrew.

ANDREW
Good night, Sir.

SIR (pauses, smiles)
You only need to say it once, Andrew.

ANDREW
Or one would be saying it forever.

SIR
Exactly.

With a bemused smile, Sir turns to exit. He pauses, looks back to Andrew.

SIR
Shall I leave the light on?

ANDREW
Not necessary. One is fully equipped to navigate in total darkness.

Sir nods, turns out the lights. Andrew, alone in the darkness, opens his CHEST CAVITY. He removes a RETRACTABLE CORD with a MALE PLUG on both ends. Andrew PLUGS ONE END into the wall socket, the other into a SOCKET IN HIS STOMACH. Andrew lies down on the floor, to RECHARGE.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - THE FOLLOWING DAY - MORNING 9.

A beautiful Spring morning.

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INT. MARTIN HOME - FOYER - DAY

Andrew observes the morning ritual. He has an almost comic concentration to his gaze. Andrew NEVER FORGETS.

Sir picks up his BRIEFCASE, Miss her BOOKBAG and LUNCH BOX, Little Miss just a LUNCH BOX. Ma'am kisses them and they head out the door.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - DAY

The girls hop in Sir's high tech CAR. Ma'am steps outside. Andrew is beside her. Ma'am calls to her family.

MA'AM
Have a good day, sweethearts.

Andrew looks at her, at the departing car. So that's how it's done.

ANDREW
Have a good day, sweethearts.

The car drives off. Ma'am turns, gives a look to Andrew. It's just the two of them. A moment of awkward silence.

ANDREW
Shall one begin the daily tasks?

MA'AM
Oh. Yes. Of course.

ANDREW
What first?

MA'AM (thinking)
Well. The house. The bedrooms. The basement.

Andrew pauses, waiting. Ma'am realizes that she needs to phrase things more explicitly.

MA'AM
Could you clean them?

ANDREW
They will be immaculate.

INT. MARTIN HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER - DAY

Andrew holds the plug of a VACUUM CLEANER. He looks at the SOCKET in the wall, then at the socket in his STOMACH. He plugs the vacuum cord INTO HIMSELF. Nothing happens. He plugs the vacuum into the wall. The machine TURNS ON. Andrew VACUUMS.

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INT. LITTLE MISS' BEDROOM - DAY 13.

A sweet and enchanting young girl's bedroom. Andrew changes a light bulb. His eye is caught by something. A collection of GLASS ANIMALS. Andrew's face moves closer to the animals. Wide eyed. Entranced.

INT. MARTIN HOME - BASEMENT - LATER - DAY 14.

A vast STORAGE AREA, filled with boxes and junk. In the corner, beneath a window, rests an unused CARPENTRY WORKSHOP with SAW and LATHE. Andrew clears COBWEBS off the carpenter's bench. The shelf above it is filled with various INSTRUCTION MANUALS and HOW-TO BOOKS.

A SPIDER drops on Andrew's arm. Andrew STARES at it. He brings the spider to his face for closer examination. He carries the spider to the window and drops it outside.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - BACKYARD - DAY 15.

Andrew carries boxes of junk from the basement stairs, outside, and places them on top of a row of trash cans. Andrew turns, glances to the GUEST COTTAGE. Through the open cottage door, he sees Ma'am PAINTING A CANVAS. Andrew takes a few steps toward the wooden building. In a characteristic, gravity-defying move, Andrew bends at the waist and cranes his neck. Still can't see much.

INT. COTTAGE - MA'AM'S ART STUDIO - SECOND FLOOR - DAY 16.

The studio is filled with canvases. Ma'am is painting a lovely, impressionistic view of the ocean and skyline. Suddenly, in the background, comically, Andrew's head LEANS INTO FRAME. He PEERS through the open door. He REGISTERS each painting. Ma'am suddenly turns, SEES Andrew's HEAD. She SCREAMS. DROPS her paint brush.

ANDREW
Did one startle you?

MA'AM (catching her breath)
No. That's okay. I'm fine.

ANDREW
The house and basement are cleaned. Are there any other tasks?

MA'AM (calm, still annoyed)
Let's see. The girls will be home soon... Could you make an after-school snack for them? Something healthy.

ANDREW (nods)
One is programmed with the entire text of 183 Cookbooks. One can prepare 3,734 types of food.

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MA'AM
Thank you, Andrew.
(a beat)
And Andrew?

ANDREW
Yes?

MA'AM
Next time. Please. Knock.

ANDREW
As you wish.

Andrew's head SLIDES OUT OF FRAME. Ma'am shakes her head.

INT. MARTIN HOME - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - LATER - DAY 17.

Andrew CARRIES two small dishes of fruit salad into the dining room, sets it on the table. We HEAR the front door open. LITTLE MISS and MISS run inside, pause, see the cake on the table.

ANDREW
An "after-school snack".

MISS
I hate fruit.

Miss marches past Andrew, into the other room. Andrew looks at Little Miss, who is looking between the fruit and Andrew. Little Miss would love to eat it, but she is still FRIGHTENED of him. She hesitates. Approach/avoidance. She looks at the fruit, at Andrew... edges a little closer... backs away... peers up at Andrew.

LITTLE MISS
You're very big.

ANDREW
Yes, but one was only just born.
One is a baby.

Little Miss considers this, peers up at Andrew.

LITTLE MISS
If you're a baby... I sure don't
want to meet your Mother.

She glances to the fruit, wanting it, but afraid to be near Andrew.

ANDREW
Don't be afraid.
(comforting)
One does not have to be so "very big".

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Andrew sits on the floor. He FOLDS his arms. TUCKS IN his legs. DROPS his head...

He's COMPRESSED HIMSELF into a 2' x2' x3' box.

Little Miss smiles. She nods with satisfaction. He's basically GONE. Little Miss sits at the table, digs happily into the fruit.

INT. MARTIN HOME - KITCHEN - LATER - DAY 18.

Andrew places laundry into a machine. He peers through the window. He sees Little Miss, in the backyard, bouncing a BASKETBALL, making shots into a kiddie hoop. Andrew STUDIES Little Miss' bouncing.

After a few moments, Little Miss stops and skips happily to another area of the yard, playing on an enormous PLAYGROUND SET. Andrew FOCUSES on the basketball. STARES at it.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - BACKYARD - DAY 19.

Andrew walks outside. He goes to the basketball, picks it up, DROPS it. It BOUNCES. Andrew PATS it with a flat hand, trying to bounce it as Little Miss did. A child's exploration of pattern...

Satisfied, he sets the ball down. Next to a CROQUET SET, filled with WOODEN BALLS. Same shapes as the basketball.

Andrew PICKS UP a croquet ball. He DROPS IT. Almost NO BOUNCE. He considers this, puts the ball back with the others.

On the windowsill, is a CERAMIC VASE. Almost GLOBAL in shape.

Andrew LOOKS at it with a quizzical expression. He PICKS IT UP. HOLDS IT OUT. Oh no.

INT. MISS' ROOM - DAY 20.

As opposed to the rest of the house, which has a warm, homey feel, this room suggests FUTURISTIC ALIENATION. Miss sits at a child's "keyboard", filled with the latest bells and whistles. The WALL in front of her is the computer monitor. Miss hears a CRASH from outside. She tilts her head HOPEFULLY.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - BACKWARD - DAY 21.

Andrew surveys the SHARDS OF VASE, spread across the ground. Andrew looks again at the rubber ball and croquet ball.

ANDREW
Apparently, it is not a matter of shape.

Miss dashes out of her studio. Little Miss and Miss run up. They are all staring at Andrew.

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MA'AM
What happened, Andrew?

ANDREW
One... um... well...
(fast, like a kid)
One made a mistake.

MA'AM
Not to worry. That was a present from my Aunt Ruth. I always detested it.
(glances at watch)
Dinner will be at 7:30.

Andrew nods, picks up a broom and begins to sweep up the mess. Ma'am heads back across the yard, to her studio. Miss glares at Andrew.

MISS
You break anything else, you'll be in big trouble.

Little Miss pauses, looks up at Andrew for a second, almost as if she wants to tell him it'll be okay. But she decides against it and follows Miss inside the house. Andrew turns and sweeps up the glass.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 22.

Family dinner. Andrew stands alone in the corner. Little Miss and Miss are telling a story, trading comic impersonations of someone at school. The family is laughing, except Andrew, who is watching. Andrew, pauses, looks at Sir.

ANDREW
Sir. Could you explain why something is as it is?

SIR (slightly puzzled)
What do you want to know, Andrew?

ANDREW
Why do things fall?

LITTLE MISS (proud she knows answer)
Gravity.

Andrew nods: right into the memory bank. A WICKED SMILE appears on Miss' face.

ANDREW
Thank you, Little Miss.

Little Miss beams. Sir pauses, thinking, returns to his food.

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INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 23.

Sir and Ma'am play chess. Andrew stands in a corner, waiting in case he's needed and sneaking glances at the chessboard: picking up the moves. We sense that in a week's time, he'll be able to beat either of them. A voice trails sweetly from upstairs.

MISS (O.S.)
Oh, Andrew? Could you come up?

Andrew goes. Sir glances after him, gently touches Ma'am.

SIR
Did you notice? Andrew? At dinner?
The kind of question he asked.
Curiosity. It's not in his manual.

Ma'am nods politely. The subject has no interest for her.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 24.

Andrew pads down the hall. He passes Little Miss' room. Two beats later, she comes out, stares after him. Fascinated. Andrew stops outside of Miss' room, bends at the waist, leaning into:

INT. MISS' ROOM - NIGHT 25.

Just Andrew's head and torso are looking in:

ANDREW
Yes, Miss?

Miss sits on her bed, an odd kind of blankness on her face.

MISS
Andrew, would you please open the window?

Andrew nods, enters, walks toward the window.

ANDREW
One is glad to be of use.

Andrew begins to open the window. He stops halfway.

MISS
All the way.

Andrew opens it as far as it will go, turns and nods to Miss.

MISS
Now. Jump.

Andrew looks at her. Looks out. Looks down. Comes back inside.

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ANDREW
It's fourteen feet seven inches.

MISS
Precisely.

ANDREW
But... "gravity.
(a beat)
One will look like Aunt Ruth's vase.

MISS
I am ordering you to jump, Andrew.
Your Second Law says you must obey.

Andrew looks at her. He CLIMBS OUT the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 26.

Sir and Ma'am continue their game. SOMETHING PLUMMETS past the window. A dull THUD. Sir cocks his head, looks at Ma'am.

SIR
Did you hear something?

Ma'am shakes her head. Sir goes back to examining the game board. The doorbell RINGS. Sir rises, enters the foyer.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT 27.

Sir opens the front door. Andrew stands on the doorstep. He is still INTACT, save for a few GRASS STAINS and DIRT SMUDGES.

ANDREW
Excuse me, Sir. May one come back in?

SIR (puzzled)
What happened, Andrew?

ANDREW
The window. One is built to take a ten foot fall. But apparently, in this case... one exceeded one's specs.

SIR
Apparently so... But how did this happen?
(plucks a TWIG from Andrew's body)
Andrew?

ANDREW
Sir. For the sake of family harmony, one is programmed not to tell.

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like three children lined up for a lecture: The two girls, looking angelic in their nightgowns and Andrew, staring down as if he has been a bad boy. Sir stands in front of them. Ma'am sits nearby.

SIR (mostly to Miss)
Andrew is not a person. He is a form of property.

ANDREW (repeats to himself)
One is not a person.

Speaking this has a subtle, but peculiar impact on Andrew.

SIR
Yes, but property is also important. So, as a matter of principle, in this family... Andrew will be treated as if he were a person.

A wall MIRROR hangs nearby. Andrew GLANCES into it.

ANDREW
As if one were... a person.

Again, there is that special significance. An idea is being hatched.

SIR (nods to Andrew)
Which means there will be no more attempts to break you.

LITTLE MISS (confused)
What? To "break" him?

SIR
Your sister tried to "kill" Andrew.

Little Miss' eyes widen, looks at Andrew. A burst of identification.

LITTLE MISS
You too?

EXT. BEACH - THE FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY 29.

We are on the beach, located below the Martin family home. Miss SWIMS. Little Miss builds a SANDCASTLE that extends from the shore to the jagged rocks, placing her GLASS ANIMALS around the castle. Andrew stands guard. Miss swims FURTHER OUT. Andrew calls to her.

ANDREW
Miss. You are too far out.

MISS
I'll be fine.

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ANDREW
Your Father gave me precise instructions. You are not to swim more than 25 feet from the shore. You are now 26.8 feet from the shore. Please. Come back.

Miss sighs, annoyed and reluctantly swims back. Andrew turns to Little Miss, watching her play with the glass animals. Miss looks up at him. She holds up a CHINA HORSE. Bright colors. Delicate legs.

LITTLE MISS
He's my favorite.

Andrew edges forward, stops at a respectful distance, looks at the horse.

ANDREW
Pretty.

LITTLE MISS (a beat)
Would you like to hold him?

She starts to give Andrew the horse. He's intrigued, REACHES for it, then changes his mind.

ANDREW
No. No. What if one--

But she's already LETTING GO. And Andrew is PULLING BACK. The horse FALLS. And SHATTERS on the rocks.

Little Miss stares in horror.

LITTLE MISS
That was my favorite! They don't even make him anymore!
(angry, teary eyed)
I hate you! Get away from me!

Andrew looks at her. Stunned.

Little Miss GATHERS the remaining animals and runs back up the pathway to her home. Miss has emerged from the water, wrapping herself with a towel. She walks past Andrew, shoots him a grin.

MISS
You're screwed.

Miss runs up the pathway, joins Little Miss. Andrew pauses. Silent. Forlorn. He glances down at the sand. Sees a small piece of DRIFTWOOD. Andrew picks it up, inspects it with great concentration.

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INT. BASEMENT - LATER - DAY 30.

CAMERA PANS the various pieces of small driftwood Andrew has gathered from the beach. CAMERA STOPS on Andrew, who stands at the immaculately clean work bench, "reading" the tool center instruction manual. Andrew QUICKLY turns the pages. Instant memory capture.

INT. DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT 31.

Andrew waits in the corner as the family finishes dessert.

LITTLE MISS
Dad... What happens if none of us likes Andrew?

Sir pauses, taken aback. Miss smiles to herself.

LITTLE MISS
I mean... If nobody likes him, can we exchange him for a different robot?

SIR
I suppose so.

Little Miss nods politely and happily turns to her Mother.

LITTLE MISS
May I please be excused?

MISS
Me too.

Ma'am nods. Without a glance to Andrew, Little Miss exits. Miss is behind her. Sir takes a sip of his coffee, shrugs to Ma'am.

SIR
They just need some time. To get used to him.

MA'AM
Half of his job is to attend the children. If they can't stand him... What's the point of keeping him?

Sir pauses. He has no argument. Andrew continues to stand in the corner. Listening.

INT. MARTIN HOME - LITTLE MISS' ROOM - NIGHT 32.

Little Miss marches into her room, turns on the light, moves toward her glass animals and pauses. She sees something...

A SMALL HORSE, exquisitely fashioned from several different colors of wood, rests on her pillow.

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Little Miss carefully picks up the luminous horse, studies it. A smile slowly appears on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 33.

Andrew loads the dishwasher. He hears footsteps, turns, sees Little Miss standing in the doorway. She is holding the wooden horse.

LITTLE MISS
This is the best present I ever got.

ANDREW
One is glad to be of use, Little Miss.

LITTLE MISS
Would you please come with me?

INT. LITTLE MISS' ROOM - NIGHT 34.

Andrew and Little Miss enter. She looks around for the right place for her Extremely Honored Guest. She smoothes a small chair.

LITTLE MISS
You may sit here.

Andrew sits down. Little Miss walks to a shelf filled with dolls, stuffed animals, toys. She examines them carefully, to make the right selection. Andrew sits patiently, occasionally stealing a glance her way. Little Miss picks a RAGGED LITTLE DOG, obviously the recipient of considerable attention over the years. She carries the stuffed dog to Andrew... overcomes a moment of reluctance... and places the dog in Andrew's lap.

LITTLE MISS
His name is Woofy and from now on he's yours.

Andrew brings it up toward his face.

ANDREW
Woofy.

LITTLE MISS
Because sometimes he barks.

Andrew looks at her, at Woofy... brings Woofy up to his ear so he can listen.

LITTLE MISS
Once he gets to know you.

Andrew nods, lowers Woofy, examines him.

ANDREW
Thank you very much.

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LITTLE MISS
You're welcome.

Little Miss climbs under the covers, turns out the light. Andrew sits there for a moment, content.

LITTLE MISS
I have to go to sleep now, Andrew.

ANDREW
Of course.
(stands)
Have a good night, sweetheart.

Andrew turns and leaves the room, carrying Woofy.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY 35.

Sir sits at the breakfast table with Ma'am, Little Miss and Miss. Sir examines the miniature horse Andrew carved for Little Miss.

SIR (concern)
He's not supposed to be an artisan robot.

LITTLE MISS
A what?

SIR
A wood carver.

LITTLE MISS
Well, I guess maybe he is. Maybe he's lots of things we don't know about.

SIR
Did you actually make this thing, Andrew?

ANDREW
Yes, Sir.

SIR
Robots aren't capable of lying, you know.

ANDREW
That is not entirely correct, Sir. One could lie if one were ordered to lie. Or if it were necessary for me to tell some untruth in order to keep a human being from harm, or even if my own safety were--
(a beat)
But one did indeed carve it for Little Miss.

SIR (troubled)
And the design, too. You're responsible for that?

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ANDREW
Yes, Sir.

SIR
What did you copy it from?

ANDREW
Copy it, Sir?

SIR
You couldn't have invented it out of thin air. You got it out of some book, right? Or you used a computer to plot it out for you--

ANDREW
One did nothing more than study the raw material for a time, until one came to understand how best to carve it into some shape that would be pleasing to Little Miss.

SIR (long pause)
I've studied your manuals. You're a household robot of the NDR series. You're not equipped with special craftsman adaptations...

ANDREW
Indeed, Sir.

SIR (holds up horse)
Yet you made this.

Andrew nods. He picks up a pile of laundry and exits the room. When Andrew is out of ear shot, Sir whispers to Ma'am.

SIR
I want you to try something. An experiment.

INT. MA'AM'S PAINTING STUDIO - LATER - DAY 36.

Andrew walks through the studio with Ma'am, examines her paintings. They're competent, without being remarkable, daring or very artistic.

MA'AM
Andrew, you know I'm a painter. Not a famous European one. But the process is something I love.

ANDREW
Yes, Ma'am. And one gathers that love is a good thing.

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Ma'am leads Andrew to a STILL LIFE CANVAS in the most rudimentary stage. Only the bare outlines are sketched. The fruit she is painting is spread out on a tablecloth.

MA'AM
I have to complete this for someone. But, frankly, I have no interest in it, and other things to do today. Could you finish it for me?

Andrew looks at her, the painting, the paints, the fruit...

ANDREW
One is always glad to be of use. Do you want an exact image?

MA'AM (testing)
Could you do that?

ANDREW
One hasn't the faintest idea.

MA'AM
Try.

ANDREW
How long should one spend?

MA'AM
As long as you need, I guess. Until you're finished, you can forget your other work.

Andrew picks up a brush, tries to decide how to hold it, rubs the soft bristles against his cheek. WE BEGIN A TIME PASSAGE MONTAGE OF ANDREW PAINTING. DOLLY INTO Andrew's face. Complete concentration. Nothing exists except the work.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT 37.

TIME LAPSE daylight SPEED-FADES to darkness. Clouds RACE by.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT 38.

Andrew works with a tiny brush. Obsessed. CAMERA MOVES AROUND Andrew, a 360 degree DOLLY. In the course of the dolly, the SUN RISES. DAYLIGHT comes again. Andrew has a brush in either hand, working the two together, a layering effect.

Ma'am appears in the background, leans in, tries to see... Can't. She stares at him, plays with her hair... She reluctantly backs out of the studio.

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EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DUSK 39.

The sun is setting. Miss and Little Miss play in the backyard. Ma'am and Sir drink a cocktail, staring at the light emanating from Ma'am's studio. Andrew's SILHOUETTE is visible, still painting.

MA'AM
Almost 48 hours.

SIR
He'll have to stop sometime. His power cell will need recharging.

INT. KITCHEN - THE FOLLOWING DAY - AFTERNOON 40.

Ma'am pours a cup of coffee. She hears a NOISE from outside, looks out the window. Andrew walks out of the cottage. His body is covered with flecks of paint. His posture sags. He appears weary. Like he's been through something. He looks at Ma'am. He nods, indicating that he's finished.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY 41.

Ma'am and Andrew enter. She walks to the painting, looks at it.

Her face changes in a way that cannot be described.

The painting is remarkable. A magical light appears to emanate from it, as if Andrew saw at a molecular level what each piece of fruit really was and knew how to reveal that essence to the eye.

Ma'am's face flickers, conflicting emotions. Andrew notices.

ANDREW
One is sorry. One knows it isn't exactly...
(excessively apologetic)
It somehow didn't seem right to just duplicate the fruit...

This is too much for her. She picks up a knife. Slices the painting. Again. And again. And again.

Andrew watches with a neutral expression. What interesting behavior.

Ma'am stops, looks at Andrew. She is embarrassed. Ashamed. She drops the knife, rushes away. As she passes:

ANDREW
One knew it wasn't very good.
One truly apologizes...

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EXT. HOUSE - LATER - DAY 42.

Ma'am sits on the front steps. Calmed, but still visibly upset. Sir drives up, gets out of his car. Upon looking at Ma'am, he knows something is wrong.

SIR
What is it?

She stares at him, a mixture of pain and humility.

MA'AM
I've done something awful.

INT. MA'AM'S STUDIO - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY 43.

Andrew is using turpentine to clean the paint off himself. Ma'am enters with Sir. Andrew glances at them, continues working. Sir walks to the torn painting. Even in its damaged state, Sir can see that the painting is an amazing work of art. Andrew turns to Ma'am.

ANDREW
One must apologize again--

MA'AM
Shut up.

He does. As always, without any emotional reaction. Ma'am takes a deep breath, launches in...

MA'AM
Andrew. Do you know what jealousy is?

ANDREW
Something Miss feels sometimes toward Little Miss. And right back too, one suspects, though not as strongly--

MA'AM
Andrew, your painting was very good. I saw it, and was jealous. I destroyed it.
(hard for her to say to a robot)
That was... wrong. There is precious little beauty in this world and what there is should be conserved.

ANDREW (surprised, new information)
Oh.

Ma'am walks up to Sir, who is still amazed by the remains of the painting.

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MA'AM
Remarkable, isn't it?
(a beat)
Andrew said he'd create an exact image. But he couldn't. He was compelled to play with it. Change it.
(moved)
Andrew has the soul of an artist.
(correcting herself)
No...
(complete authority)
Andrew is an artist.

Andrew looks back and forth between them. He can't tell.

ANDREW
Is that... good or bad?

MA'AM
Regrettable. But good.

Sir glances from Ma'am to the painting, nods.

SIR
It has its dangers.

Sir stares at Andrew. Everything's changing.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY 44.

Establishing shot of the city in 2020.

EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS' OFFICE - DAY 45.

A striking, futuristic office building located in the heart of San Francisco. Sir and Andrew get out of his car, enter the building.

INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 46.

Sir and Andrew fidget. Sir glances to his watch, annoyed to be kept waiting. A RECEPTIONIST ROBOT, a female version of Andrew, sits behind the main desk. An advanced computer terminal on the robot's desk BEEPS. The Receptionist Robot looks at Andrew and Sir.

RECEPTIONIST ROBOT
The President will see you now.

Sir and Andrew move toward the inner office.

INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY 47.

A modern office, overlooking the city. DENNIS MANSKY, the President, a short, bald man, dressed in a natty blue suit, greets them.

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MANSKY
Come in, please. I'm so glad you called.
(Andrew's model number)
Ah... An NDR-113.
(inspecting Andrew)
Tell me again. I got your message, but... what exactly is it doing?

SIR
His name is Andrew. And he evinces a number of traits... Curiosity... Creativity... Friendship... which extend beyond the merely mechanical.

Mansky RAPS Andrew's skull. Mansky has the amused confidence of the superior man. Mansky inspects Andrew's optic nerve from a very close distance. Andrew feels compelled to respond.

ANDREW
Hello.

MANSKY
Social as well.

Sir shows the wooden horse to Mansky.

SIR
Andrew made this. He's carved a few others since... all beautiful... original works of art... and he said to me last night... "I enjoy making them".

MANSKY (concerned)
"Enjoy"?

ANDREW
Should one not be using that word?

SIR
No. It's fine, Andrew...
(to Mansky)
See what I mean... It's rather unusual to hear a robot speaking of "enjoying" something. Do many of your other robots have the capacity for feelings of that sort?

ANDREW
Perhaps one uses the concept loosely.

SIR
Perhaps you do. But I'm not so sure. You say you enjoy working with wood... What exactly do you mean by that?

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ANDREW
When one does the work... it makes the circuits of my brain flow more easily. That seems, to me, to be the equivalent of the human feeling known as "enjoyment".

MANSKY (concerned)
Must be something in the pathways...
(walks back to his desk)
So then... will you be wanting a refund or a replacement?

SIR
Neither. I just wanted to get your reaction to Andrew... I gather you find him unique?

MANSKY (shrugs, unimpressed)
An anomaly.
(fixes his eyes on Sir)
No refund. No replacement.
(still smiling, but as if to a blackmailer)
How much do you want?

SIR (bewildered)
Pardon?

MANSKY
Clearly you realize... if word of this gets out... we'll have to recall our entire line. We're in people's homes, with their children. If our product isn't reliable..

SIR
Andrew is totally reliable.

MANSKY
Really? If it is doing what you say, it can also run amuck.

ANDREW (to Sir, confused)
Run where? Why would one run?

MANSKY
And if we recall without knowing what we're looking for?... Well. It would take a team of technicians months to debug that algorithm.

SIR (nods)
I have my own business, so I'm sympathetic to your plight. Tell me... If I did give you Andrew, you would what?... Disassemble him?

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MANSKY (encouraged)
Carefully, yes. We would need to trace the actual course of Andrew's neural pathways... Then we'd put "him" back together... return "him" to you. Good as new.

SIR
As "new", huh?

Mansky nods.

SIR
Neural pathways are fragile. Isn't it possible... in your procedures... that something might go wrong?

MANSKY (man-to-man)
We'd make every conceivable effort.

SIR
You'd try your best.

MANSKY
Absolutely.

SIR (leading him on)
And in the unlikely event that something did go amiss... you would of course replace Andrew.

MANSKY
Of course.

SIR
Even though he's unique and irreplaceable.

MANSKY (annoyed)
"He"? "His"? You seem to be... well, it's a natural error... It has human form, so you read mechanical failure as eccentricity and anthropomorphize it.
(disdain)
You act like it is a man.

Andrew has a subtle glint in his eye.

ANDREW
A man?

MANSKY
Not you, dear.

Sir glares at Mansky, trying to control his anger.

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SIR
Andrew has only been with us for a short time... but my youngest daughter has already grown extremely fond of him.

MANSKY (condescending)
That's a dangerous attitude, Mr. Martin. Friends are friends and machines are machines. They should not be confused.
(amused)
One may befriend another person, but one ordinarily does not befriend a household appliance, however useful or attractive or pleasing it may be.

SIR (insulted, stands)
We're leaving.

He moves toward the door. Andrew follows.

MANSKY
I beg you to reconsider, Mr. Martin. Let us examine Andrew. Talk to your wife. Name your price.

SIR (passionate)
There is no price for individuality. He is, better or worse, my robot. And you will never, ever lay your hands on him.

MANSKY
All in good time.
(as Sir turns, a threat)
Sooner or later, you'll have to bring him in for repairs.

SIR
Very clever.
(a beat)
But then... Things change, don't they? Things always change.

EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS - DAY 48.

Sir and Andrew exit. Sir is about to get into his side of the car, when he notices something: A FLAT TIRE. He squats, examining it.

SIR
Shit.

ANDREW
Pardon?

SIR (explaining)
Huh? Oh. I was swearing. Cursing.

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ANDREW
One is not programmed for cursing.

SIR
People curse when they're upset. Angry.

ANDREW (registers this)
Oh.
(a beat)
However, one is programmed for automobile repairs.

Sir steps back. Andrew examines the tire, removes a section of his leg, using it as a CAR JACK. He attaches the leg-jack to the rear bumper and uses it to RAISE the car. Sir looks at him.

SIR
Andrew, do you understand what just happened in there?

ANDREW
He wanted to take me apart.

SIR
Yes.

ANDREW
If one were completely apart...

SIR
Exactly.

ANDREW (considers this)
Hmmm. It didn't appear to be the result of any personal animosity.

SIR
No. It didn't.

As ever, Sir is moved by Andrew's dispassion. With the car sufficiently jacked up, Andrew removes a WRENCH-LIKE TOOL from his chest cavity and uses it to remove the axle bolts.

SIR
We have to figure something out.

ANDREW
We?

SIR
Junctures, Andrew.

ANDREW (confused)
What are you talking about, Sir?

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SIR
Decisions.

Andrew nods politely, still confused.

SIR
Recognize what it is. React in a responsible fashion.

ANDREW
Are you quoting something, Sir? One of Ma'am's psychology books?

SIR
Andrew... From now on, you'll cut back on your work load. You can no longer devote yourself entirely to housework and children.

ANDREW
But... One likes the children, Sir.

Andrew has removed all of the bolts. He removes the old tire and attaches the spare tire to the rear axle. He re-attaches the bolts.

SIR
I thought you weren't supposed to "like" anything. I thought everything was neutral.

ANDREW (casual, unfazed)
That's programmatically true, but one does like the children. Especially the smaller one, Little Miss.

SIR
That's a contradiction, Andrew... which is exactly the kind of thing you need to learn about.

With the bolts re-attached, Andrew begins to jack down the car.

SIR
We need a new regimen. First of all: You must spend every day making something. To not offend humans, we'd best find an area that doesn't appear overly artistic...
(an idea)
Could you make other things out of wood? Furniture? Cabinets? Desks? Lamps?

ANDREW
One is unable to tell you. One has never attempted such things.

SIR
You will now.

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ANDREW (still unclear)
If you say so, Sir.

SIR
But you will also spend time each evening in instruction with me.

ANDREW
And... what is the purpose of this instruction?

SIR
To teach you. About all the things that haven't been programmed into you...
(warm, kind)
You're a unique robot, Andrew. I feel a responsibility to help you become... whatever you're able to be.

Andrew has lowered the car and put his leg back into its proper position. The tire is FIXED. Andrew turns to Sir.

ANDREW
What is one able to be?

SIR
I don't know. People grow through time. But for you... time is an entirely different proposition. You're not stuck in it in quite the same way...

A MONTAGE BEGINS, SPANNING THE NEXT SEVERAL MONTHS OF ANDREW'S LIFE.

EXT. BEACH - DAY 49.

Andrew and Sir are combing the beach. Sir picks up a few small pieces of wood. Andrew picks up the largest, heaviest pieces and casually hoists them onto his shoulder. Effortlessly.

INT. MARTIN HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT 50.

A vast collection of DRIFTWOOD is laid out in organized fashion on the floor near the workbench. There are various colors, shapes and sizes of wood. Andrew works with a hand lathe, making a beautiful, elegantly carved DOLL CASTLE. He appears to have an aversion to any electrical tools. Whenever possible, Andrew uses HAND TOOLS.

INT. SIR'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 51.

Sir sits, sipping coffee and brandy. Andrew stands at attention, in his nightly instruction with Sir. Ma'am passes by the door, pauses, listening in for a moment.

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SIR
Why do people fall in love?... Because we seek companionship. We don't like being lonely.

ANDREW
How does loneliness feel?

SIR (carefully)
It's the longing for... the desire... the need to be with another person... sometimes we're lonely for discussion... other times, we're lonely for touch...

ANDREW
Why do humans "touch"?

SIR (long pause)
Comfort. Warmth. Pleasure.

Andrew nods, not really understanding. Ma'am turns, walks away, unseen by Andrew and Sir.

INT. LITTLE MISS' ROOM - NIGHT 52.

Andrew presents Little Miss with a WOOD CARVED CASTLE, a stunning doll house, an elaborate work of art. Little Miss is so moved, she embraces Andrew. His reaction is blank. He feels nothing.

INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP - WEEKS LATER - DAY 53.

CAMERA DOLLIES ACROSS THE ROOM, passing various PIECES of Andrew's furniture, each one more beautiful and original than the previous. CAMERA STOPS at the workbench, on Andrew intently carving another piece of furniture. Little Miss sits beside him, assisting him.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 54.

Sir walks with Andrew. Sir puffs on a cigar, in the midst of his nightly instruction with Andrew.

SIR
And nine months later, a baby is born. Such, Andrew, are the so-called "facts of life".

ANDREW (stares blankly)
People actually do those things, Sir?

SIR
Well. Yes.

ANDREW
Married people... one supposes they see it as some kind of... requirement or obligation?

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SIR
It's not exactly an obligation, Andrew.

ANDREW (misunderstanding)
That's a relief.

SIR
It is the natural and preferable way to conceive children.

Andrew takes it well, but to him, it's still horrible news.

ANDREW
Thank you for telling me, Sir.

SIR
And it's completely agreed that it feels good. So people do it rather frequently... as often as they can, in fact.
(a beat)
At least at first.

Andrew nods soberly.

ANDREW
May one speak frankly, Sir?

SIR
As always, Andrew.

ANDREW
Well... it's just that it doesn't sound tremendously... dignified.

SIR
To be equally frank, Andrew... dignity is not usually the objective.

ANDREW (under his breath)
Apparently not.

From the yard above, Ma'am watches Sir and Andrew walk along the beach. Ma'am is lonely. Bored.

INT. LITTLE MISS' ROOM - NIGHT 55.

Little Miss sleeps. Andrew enters, walks to the doll castle. He places a miniature TABLE and CHAIRS into one of the rooms. We see that he has carved furniture for several of the rooms. All of the doll furniture is exact replicas of Andrew's larger pieces.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 56.

Andrew carries a stack of laundry through the hallway. As he passes Sir and Ma'am's bedroom, we hear Ma'am's voice.

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MA'AM (O.S.)
I'm going to Europe. To paint.

Andrew pauses outside of their door, listening.

INT. SIR AND MA'AM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 57.

Ma'am is packing her suitcase. Sir stands beside her, tenderly takes her hand. She looks away, gathers her emotional resources.

MA'AM
I need some time. Away.

SIR
Why?

MA'AM
Perhaps it's not fair, but it feels like I'm not needed here. Andrew's a better artist than me, a better Mother... at least to the little one... And better for you too, I'm afraid.

SIR
Don't be ridiculous.
(gently)
I love you, Anne.
(a beat)
Look, if this is all about Andrew--

MA'AM (honest, sincere)
It's not only Andrew. We both know that. But... Having him here just seemed to... Well... things I've been holding inside for years... just seemed to surface... And for the first time, I'm being honest with myself.
(takes his hand)
Please. Try to understand. This is something I have to do.

Sir embraces his wife. She is crying.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 58.

Andrew walks away from the bedroom door. He's HEARD everything.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - LATER THAT EVENING - NIGHT 59.

A TAXI pulls up to the front of the house. Ma'am, carrying two suitcases, gets inside. Sir stands on the front porch. Alone. Andrew steps up, beside him.

ANDREW
No instruction?

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SIR (lost in thought)
Huh? Oh, no. I'm sorry, Andrew. I'm not really in the mood this evening.

ANDREW (nods)
One feels somewhat responsible.

SIR
It's not your fault--

ANDREW
One wishes there was a way to make you feel better.

SIR
I'll be fine.

ANDREW
If one knew humor...

SIR
Humor?

ANDREW
Humor gives pleasure, Sir, which is indirectly related to the First Law.
(off Sir's look)
Pleasure can undo hurt, no?

SIR (smiles)
It's an intriguing theory...

ANDREW
Then teach me.

SIR
Teach you?

ANDREW
How to tell a joke.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SUNDAY MORNING - A FEW DAYS LATER 60.

Sir, Little Miss and Miss are eating breakfast. The mood is solemn. Andrew steps up to Sir, eagerly.

ANDREW
May one, Sir? Is this a good time?

Sir rolls his eyes slightly.

LITTLE MISS
May he what?

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Sir taught me last night--

SIR
Don't blame me. Just do it.

ANDREW (flat, no comprehension)
Do you know why blind people don't like to sky-dive it scares their dogs. Did you hear about the robot poet he was in it for the money. Two robots walk into a bar, one says to the other, your monkey or your wife the other says take my monkey please.

Stunned silence. Andrew has no comic timing whatsoever. Everyone breaks out laughing at the absurdity. Andrew's face lights up.

ANDREW
One did it.

SIR (honesty compels)
Well, your timing needs a little--

ANDREW
One made you laugh! One made you all laugh!

There is something so sweet, and human, about his pleasure.

INT. LITTLE MISS' ROOM - NIGHT 61.

Little Miss is asleep. Andrew enters, passing shelves and tables, filled with his work: handmade doll houses, hundreds of tiny, exquisitely constructed pieces of furniture, carved wooden dolls, etc. Andrew places yet another completed dollhouse on a nearby table. He walks to the bed, tenderly strokes Little Miss' hair.

ANDREW
Have a good night, sweetheart.

Andrew exits. CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD LITTLE MISS' FACE. WE SLOWLY DISSOLVE. LITTLE MISS MORPHS INTO A 16 YEAR OLD VERSION OF HERSELF. A TITLE APPEARS ONSCREEN: TEN YEARS LATER. 2030

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - DAY 62.

The house has not changed much in ten years. A sleek, high tech MOTORCYCLE speeds into the driveway. The 2030 version of a CYCLE HOOD drives. Riding with him, is MISS. She is 18, a high school Senior, filled with edge, teenage attitude and energy. She is decked in wild clothes, jewelry and an extreme hair style. It all feels forced, as if she is searching for a personality. Miss hops off the bike, exchanges a passionate good-bye kiss with her boyfriend. He drives off, SQUEALING out of the drive.

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY 63.

The kitchen has been remodeled with NEW, HIGH TECH APPLIANCES, also overcrowded with Andrew's furniture. Sir, now 57 years old, a few pounds heavier, with gray, thinning hair, sits at the kitchen table with LITTLE MISS, now 16 years old. She is doing her homework. She is the polar opposite of Miss, dressed conservatively. A beautiful girl, there is an aura of sweetness, intelligence about Little Miss. Hearing the cycle squeals from outside, Sir looks at Little Miss.

SIR
Your sister's home.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY 64.

Miss enters, kicks the door closed behind her. The foyer is filled with several pieces of Andrew's furniture. The furniture stretches through the hallway, up the stairs, into the living room. The extreme amount of furniture is OVERCROWDING the house. Pissed and annoyed, Miss maneuvers her way through the furniture.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY 65.

Miss enters, ignores her parents and sisters.

SIR (sarcastic)
Nice to see you too, sweetheart.

Miss goes straight to the fridge, trying to open it. The fridge is BLOCKED by one of Andrew's desks. Miss fumes.

MISS
I am so sick of this robot crap.

She storms out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. Sir looks at Little Miss.

SIR
You know what they say...
(smiles)
Children are like pancakes. Throw the first one out.

LITTLE MISS
She's kinda' right, Dad. I mean... We are running out of space.

SIR (sighs)
I've already given half of it away.
(an idea)
Maybe we should sell them.

LITTLE MISS
Who gets the money?

== Script Fly.com ==

SIR
Well... I imagine we would...

LITTLE MISS
But Andrew does all the work.

SIR
Yes...

LITTLE MISS
Then Andrew should have the money.

SIR
Andrew's a robot. What imaginable use would a robot have for money? Robots don't go shopping. Robots don't take vacations. Robots don't--

LITTLE MISS
Robot or not. He's got the right to benefit from the results of his labor. Didn't you study the French Revolution?

SIR
Yes, but--

LITTLE MISS (continuing)
Its basic issue was the exploiting of the working classes by the aristocracy. Robots are our new working classes, and if we go on treating our robots the way dukes and duchesses treated their peasants--

SIR (chuckles)
Amanda, the last thing we need to worry about is an uprising by our robots. The Three Laws of Robotics--

LITTLE MISS (passionate)
The Three Laws. I hate the three laws. You can't deprive Andrew of the benefit of the work he does. You can't, Dad. It isn't fair.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY 66.

Andrew is working intently. His furniture is stacked in every possible nook and cranny. Sir enters, maneuvers his way to Andrew.

ANDREW
Oh. Sir. How nice of you to visit.

SIR
There's too much of it, Andrew.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Too much?...
(stunned horror)
You want me to stop?

SIR
No. But we should sell some.

ANDREW (looks around)
Sell them? But... it's just... selling seems so... heartless.

SIR
They're unique. Beautiful works of art, Andrew. They deserve homes. Give them away, no one will value them. If we sell them, everyone will want one.
(a beat)
Money gets people's attention.

ANDREW (stares blankly)
The more one learns, the more confused one is.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY 67.

Andrew and Sir sit across from a lawyer, ART FEINGOLD, a short, dynamic man. A look of shock, and confusion covers Feingold's face.

FEINGOLD
A bank account? In the name of a robot?

SIR (nods)
I want to know if it would be legal to establish an account in Andrew's name.

FEINGOLD (amused)
Legal? For a robot to earn and save money? I couldn't say. There are no precedents, that I've heard of.... I doubt there's any law against it... But, even so... Robots aren't people. How can they have bank accounts?

SIR
Corporations aren't people either, except in the most abstract sense. A legal fiction, as you would term it. Yet corporations have bank accounts.

FEINGOLD
Corporations have been recognized in the law for centuries... as entities qualified to own property of all sorts. Robots have no legal rights.

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Andrew registers this. Feingold continues.

FEINGOLD
Also, corporations have corporate officers. And they sign the papers that establish the bank accounts.

SIR
Andrew can sign his name.

ANDREW
In seventeen different languages.

FEINGOLD (pauses, smiles)
Okay. Fine. But we'd better set up a trust as a legal buffer. So long as Andrew pays his taxes on time, I don't imagine the government will care...

Feingold turns to Sir.

FEINGOLD
But why give him his own account? What does he need money for?

With restrained pride in his pupil, Sir gestures to Andrew.

ANDREW
To pay for things, of course, which otherwise Sir would have to pay for. One likes to pull one's own weight.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - FURNITURE STORE - DAY 68.

We are outside of a furniture store. A sign in the window reads: "Every piece a SIGNED Andrew Martin original! Guaranteed 100% Robot-Made!" Several customers are here, many carrying out pieces of Andrew's furniture, loading them into their cars. Andrew and Sir stand across the street, watching. Sir shakes Andrew's hand.

SIR
Congratulations, Andrew. You're going to be a very rich ma--... Robot.

Andrew watches the throngs of people, staring.

ANDREW
How horribly embarrassing.

One CUSTOMER exits the store with his own personal ROBOT, who carries one of Andrew's desks. The CUSTOMER berates his robot.

CUSTOMER
Whatsa' matter with you? Huh? Why can't you make anything like this?

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TITLE APPEARS: THREE YEARS LATER. 2035.

The entire basement is now devoted to Andrew's furniture. Less clutter. Everything is very well organized. Little Miss, now age 19 and beautiful, steps out of the shadows, tentatively...

LITTLE MISS
Andrew?

He jumps. Startled. His finger slides INTO the lathe. ZIP. He CUTS OFF his finger. There is NO PAIN.

LITTLE MISS
Oh. I'm so sorry.

ANDREW
It can be repaired, Little Miss.

Andrew examines his finger, places it aside, on the table. Little Miss sits beside Andrew. A ritual they've done many times.

LITTLE MISS (sincerely)
Ya' know... Ever since my Mom left... Well... My Dad's always busy... And Miss... I could never talk to her... She's been mostly stoned since fifth grade. But you...
(smiles)
You've been a good friend, Andrew. And, well... I could always turn to you for help...

He looks at her blankly. Go on.

LITTLE MISS
You remember my boyfriend. Frank?

ANDREW
With the tiny mustache.

LITTLE MISS
He shaved it off. But, yes. Him. Anyway... Last night. He asked me... to marry him.

Andrew pauses. This information creates an odd sensation in Andrew. Possibly his first flutterings of jealousy?

ANDREW
Oh. Well. But. Why?

LITTLE MISS
Because we love each other.

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ANDREW
But... you're only 19 years old. In your first semester at University.
(pause)
Are you certain it's real love? And not some... what do you call it?... The word for "pulverize"?

LITTLE MISS
Crush.

ANDREW
Yes. Are you certain it's not just a "crush"?

LITTLE MISS
I'm certain.

Andrew turns to her, looks at her face, into her eyes.

ANDREW
I sense doubt.

Little Miss is taken aback. She stands, paces. Flustered.

LITTLE MISS
Well... I... There is... I have feelings for someone else... But that's... something that would never work out... Could never work out... And... I... Well, Frank is someone I can spend the rest of my life with... Have children with... And I do love him. Truly.

Andrew takes in the information, nods, goes back to his work.

ANDREW
Very well, then. What is the problem?

LITTLE MISS
My Father. He doesn't understand. Last night... Frank asked him for permission... My Father said "Over my dead body."

ANDREW (startled)
Sir is dying?

LITTLE MISS (amused)
No, Andrew. It's just an expression.

ANDREW (nods)
Oh. So... you would like me to discuss this with Sir.

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LITTLE MISS
If you would.

ANDREW
And convince him. To let you marry this Frank.

LITTLE MISS
Yes.

ANDREW (nods)
One cannot disobey an order.

LITTLE MISS
This isn't an order. It's a request.
(warm smile)
From a friend.

Andrew nods. She gives a kiss to Andrew's cheek, stands and begins to exit. Little Miss pauses, turns back.

LITTLE MISS
Andrew?

ANDREW
Yes?

LITTLE MISS
Frank and I would love you to be an usher. In our wedding.

ANDREW (confused)
An "usher". One is not familiar with this job.

LITTLE MISS
You know... You assist people to their seats... You wear a tuxedo.

Andrew's eyes light. He perks up.

ANDREW
One would... wear clothes?

Little Miss nods. Andrew pauses. Very intrigued.

ANDREW
One has never been asked to wear clothes.
(proudly)
It would be an honor.

Little Miss smiles, turns and exits the basement. Andrew returns to his work, remembers his SEVERED FINGER. Andrew holds up the finger, studies it. Curious.

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INT. MARTIN HOME - LIBRARY - THAT NIGHT 70.

Andrew stands in the room. An angry Sir, now 60 years old, a little heavier, a little balder, is FURIOUS. He paces, SHOUTING at Andrew.

SIR
You have the nerve to come in here and tell me how I should handle my daughter?!?

ANDREW
One only offers an observation, Sir.

SIR (irrational)
How the hell can you tell the difference between real love and some schoolgirl crush?!? Huh?!? I don't care how goddamn artistic... how intelligent you are... You still are not flesh and blood. You still do not have a soul.

ANDREW
One is well aware of that, Sir.

Sir pauses, looks at Andrew. If Andrew were capable of being hurt, it would show on his face right now. Sir suddenly feels very guilty, ashamed of his words. He pauses, takes a breath and sits down.

SIR (calming)
I'm sorry, Andrew. That was an awful thing to say.

ANDREW
Apology accepted, Sir.

SIR (sincere)
It's just... My wife went to Europe. Never returned. My oldest daughter... "Miss", you call her... never finished high school... Lives with some drug--addicted musician... Haven't seen her in six months...
(honest, emotional)
I know I'm somewhat responsible for pushing them both away...
(a beat)
Melissa... "Little Miss"... She's all I've got left.
(sighs)
But if she's really in love... I'd be a fool to stop her. I'd only succeed in pushing her away, too.

ANDREW
You will not regret your decision, Sir.

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Sir shrugs, sighs, staring. He notices something. Andrew's SEVERED FINGER.

SIR
What happened to your finger?

ANDREW
It was injured. Today. While working.

SIR (examines it)
We'll have to get it repaired.

INT. US ROBOTICS - PRESIDENTS' OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY 71.

PAN from Andrew's injured finger, past their lawyer Art Feingold, to MANSKY, the Robotics' President from earlier. He is much OLDER, but still bears the same disdain for Andrew. Mansky looks at Sir.

MANSKY
Installed what?

SIR
An alarm. In making the repair, if you try to enter Andrew's brain, the police will be alerted.
(focused on Mansky)
If you should actually injure his brain or positronic pathways in any way, my lawyer will bring suit against you, based on the lost value of Andrew's income until the end of time.

FEINGOLD
About seven times your company's net worth.
(smiles)
More or less.

ANDREW
There's one more thing, if one may.
(off their surprised looks)
So long as one is in the shop, could you do work on one's face?

MANSKY
What kind of work?

ANDREW
To give more physical sensation. Nerve endings and so forth... And going the other way, too. One has thoughts and feelings which simply do not show.

MANSKY
You want your "thoughts" and "feelings" to show on your face?

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ANDREW
Yes, as your contempt does right now. Like you, one wishes to be able to communicate in a non-verbal way.

Mansky considers Andrew's request.

MANSKY
We've done some experimentation... We are able to give robots superficial responses which mimic human expressions--

ANDREW
One has read about the NDR upgrades--

MANSKY (nods)
We worked up a dozen experimental models. Ran some marketing surveys and decided not to go ahead with the line.

SIR
Why?

MANSKY
Negative consumer reaction. Our results looked too human... As you're well aware... Our company has been experiencing a bit of a backlash from the public... There's a growing fear that robots will continue to make the human work-force obsolete...

SIR
Andrew has been in my employ for over a decade... There is no danger of anyone losing their job to him... Surely there would be no concern if you performed these modifications on a 13 year old robot...

MANSKY (always a businessman)
True... But procedures like that... would be prohibitively expensive.

ANDREW
It's understood that you will gouge me.
(a beat)
How much?

Mansky writes down a figure, gives it to Andrew. Andrew reads it.

ANDREW
That is roughly my monthly salary.

MANSKY (stunned)
That's more than I make in a year.

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Sir raises an eyebrow to Mansky.

SIR
Not bad for a... what did you call Andrew on our last visit...
(grins)
A "household appliance"?

INT. SIR'S CAR - A WEEK LATER - DAY 72.

Sir drives. Andrew sits beside him, peers into the vanity mirror. Andrew's skin is less metallic, more natural. But for the first time, we see the actor's face WITHOUT SUPERFICIAL DISTORTION. Andrew tries to smile. It's rubbery. Uncomfortable. Andrew's features are more pliable, but they don't work very well.

ANDREW
Doesn't work very well.

SIR
It takes practice, Andrew. And it is an improvement.

ANDREW
You're kind to say so, Sir.

SIR
Andrew? Why did you do this?

ANDREW
One has been asked to be an usher. In Little Miss' Wedding. And when she walks down the aisle...
(a beat)
One would like to display my happiness for her.

INT. CHURCH - DAY 73.

Little Miss, looking absolutely stunning in her Wedding Gown, walks down the aisle with her new husband Frank. Both are beaming. Glowing with the joy of having just exchanged their vows. Little Miss smiles, nods to all of the guests as she passes each pew. Little Miss' eyes lock on someone, standing in one of the last aisles.

It's Andrew. He looks very handsome in his black tuxedo.

Little Miss smiles at Andrew. The happiest smile of her life.

Andrew SMILES at Little Miss. The first smile of his life.

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EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - BACKYARD - THAT NIGHT 74.

The aftermath of Little Miss' wedding. The guests have all departed. The backyard is filled with empty chairs and tables, old dishes and glassware. Sitting amidst it all, alone, a little drunk, his tuxedo disheveled, is Sir. He sips at a beer, staring at the Ocean. Andrew walks up beside Sir. Andrew's tuxedo is still immaculate. Sir, his expression melancholy, glances up at Andrew, studies his wardrobe.

SIR
You look very sharp this evening.

ANDREW
Yes. I think clothes suit me. One would like to continue wearing them. If you approve...

SIR (pauses, shrugs)
Of course. We'll get you some casual things as well... No need to be wearing a tuxedo all of the time...

Andrew nods. Sir reminisces.

SIR
Wonderful wedding, wasn't it?

ANDREW (nods)
And you, if one may say, are a spectacular dancer.

SIR
Thank you, Andrew.
(a beat)
Did you record the day?

ANDREW (nods)
All of it. In my memory bank.

SIR
Will you play it back?

Andrew nods, takes a seat beside Sir. Andrew's skull FLIPS BACK. A strong, intense BEAM OF LIGHT projects from the opening.

A GIANT, HOLOGRAPHIC VIDEO IMAGE OF THE DAY'S WEDDING APPEARS IN THE NIGHT SKY. The image is three-dimensional, creating a surreal vision, framed between the starry, moonlit sky and the Ocean waves. We see an image of Little Miss and her new husband about to cut the cake. The image FREEZES. REWINDS. The image REWINDS to an earlier image of Sir DANCING with Little Miss.

SIR
Stop. There.

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The image PAUSES... Then PLAYS. Sir and Little Miss dance in the night sky. Sir watches the video, his eyes well with tears.

SIR
Everyone eventually leaves home, Andrew.

ANDREW
Would one call that emotional growth, Sir?

SIR (smiles, nods)
Yes. One would.

They continue to watch the images, like two old friends.

WE BEGIN A VIDEO MONTAGE of the next several years... Projected onto the night sky are images of Little Miss patting her tummy, which is large, nearly nine months pregnant...

FAST FORWARD to Little Miss holding an INFANT BOY... LLOYD.

CUT TO Little Miss, Frank and their one year old son, Lloyd, moving into a new home...

FAST FORWARD to Andrew teaching the baby to walk... He SPITS UP on Andrew's foot.

FAST FORWARD to Little Miss (pregnant again), Frank and their son, Lloyd, now age four, decorating a Christmas tree...

CUT TO Little Miss, her five year old so, Lloyd and new baby daughter, MONICA, building sand castles on the beach with Andrew. Lloyd THROWS SAND at Andrew. He DOESN'T LIKE HIM.

FAST FORWARD to Little Miss, Ma'am and the family delivering a birthday cake to their Father, Sir, who is now 70 years old... A RED VIDEO DATE LABEL APPEARS in the lower corner of the image. It reads: 3:57 P.M. 2043...

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THE IMAGE, PANS to Andrew, standing a few feet away from Sir and Little Miss' family. The images are projected onto his EYES. He is RECORDING THIS EVENT NOW. We are at the:

EXT. MARTIN ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY 75.

A banner declares "HAPPY 70TH BIRTHDAY DAD". It is Sir's PARTY. He is surrounded by Little Miss, Miss (dressed in outlandish wardrobe) and various friends and family. Sir BLOWS out the candles. Everyone applauds. Andrew STOPS RECORDING. AN ONSCREEN TITLE ONSCREEN READS:

TEN YEARS LATER. 2043

Little Miss, now AGE 29, looks up at Andrew. She nods. It's time. Andrew nods back. They've obviously PLANNED something. Andrew walks up to Sir, touches his arm.

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ANDREW
Sir. Would this be a proper moment.
To speak with you?

SIR
It's always a proper time, Andrew.
You know that.

Andrew nods. They walk off together.

EXT. BEACH - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY 76.

Sir and Andrew walk along the beach. Andrew reaches into his pocket, gives an envelope to Sir.

ANDREW
For you.

Sir opens the envelope, removes a check. It's from the bank account of Andrew Martin, made out to Sir's name. For FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

SIR (taken aback)
Five million dollars?

ANDREW (nods)
Everything one has saved in the bank.

SIR
Why on earth...?

ANDREW
One wants to purchase one's freedom.
One wants to be free.

Sir starts to speak, stops. Upset. He clears his throat. Several feet away, Little Miss makes her way down the path to the beach, toward Sir and Andrew. Andrew tries to explain to Sir.

ANDREW
One would of course still obey the three laws and still serve you in every way.
Nothing would change except the form.
One would cease to be your property.

SIR (quiet rage)
Then why ask for this?

ANDREW
One desires the opportunity...
(a beat)
For emotional growth.

LITTLE MISS (arrives, to Andrew)
Did you ask him?

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SIR
You're in on this?

LITTLE MISS
We've talked about it for years.

SIR
So you ordered him to do it, and he obeyed?

LITTLE MISS
Not at all. He makes his own decisions.

SIR
But you put the idea in his head.

LITTLE MISS
No, Father. You did.

SIR (incredulous)
What?!?

LITTLE MISS
You've spent years instructing him, given him countless books to read. He was introduced to the concept of freedom, and read everything he could get his hands on.

SIR
Well, he can forget it. Just forget it.

LITTLE MISS
It's an unusual concept, I admit that. But why are you taking it as such a personal affront?

SIR
I'm taking it as an affront against logic. An affront against common sense. I mean... What would you do if your front porch came to you and said "I want my freedom. I want to move to Chicago. I think being a front porch in Chicago would be more fulfilling than remaining in this place."

LITTLE MISS (incredulous)
Listen to you. You're behaving like all those horrible people you used to despise... People who said that Andrew was nothing more than a simple robot. You've stood up for him... for all these years. Why now, suddenly, do you have a change of heart?

SIR (bitter)
Because he's my robot. And he's my property.

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LITTLE MISS
How can you speak about Andrew that way? He learns and grows from year to year.
(passionate)
Because of you... and Andrew's capacity for growth... he's become every bit as complex a creature as you and me.

Sir shakes his head, waves the check to Andrew.

SIR
Five million dollars. Is this craziness really worth giving away everything you've worked for?

ANDREW
Of course, Sir. Even the chance for freedom is worth any price.

SIR (condescendingly)
He also believes what he reads.

Little Miss steps in front of her Father. She is angry, emotional. She stares into his eyes. She wants the truth.

LITTLE MISS
What is the matter with you? You're behaving like a bitter, old man. Not my Father.
(honest, sincere)
Dad. What is it? What's wrong?

Sir pauses, eyes welling with tears. He turns away, takes a seat on the rocks. Sir speaks softly, the fire gone from his heart.

SIR (barely a whisper)
I don't want Andrew to leave me.

It's a big moment for Sir. The first time he's referred to Andrew as if he were his son. Little Miss leans down and kisses her Father on top of his bald head.

LITTLE MISS (sympathetic)
I'm sorry, Dad. But as your daughter, I have to do what I think is right.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY 77.

A JUDGE presides over the trial. There is no jury. Andrew's lawyer is an older, pudgier ART FEINGOLD. TWO LAWYERS sit on the opposite side. Sitting in the rear of the courtroom, uncomfortable with the entire proceeding, is Sir. Little Miss testifies on behalf of Andrew. Feingold stands in front of her.

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LITTLE MISS
Amanda Laura Martin Charney. But Andrew calls me "Little Miss". It's his personal nickname for me.

FEINGOLD
A personal nickname? From a robot.

Little Miss nods. Feingold registers this, then proceeds.

FEINGOLD
Now, Mrs. Charney, when was the last time anyone in your family ordered Andrew to do something?

LITTLE MISS
A long time. 12... 13 years...

FEINGOLD
So you no longer ask Andrew to do anything?

LITTLE MISS
We ask all the time. But it's a request. Not an order. Andrew wants to serve us. It's how he's made. A form of involuntary servitude.

FEINGOLD
If you or your Father asked him to do something he didn't want to do--

LITTLE MISS
He'd do it instantly.

FEINGOLD
Because of the First Law.

LITTLE MISS
Yes.

FEINGOLD
And if Andrew were declared free?

LITTLE MISS
It would be the same. He can't change in that regard. It's built in.

FEINGOLD
Very good. That's all, your honor.

Little Miss stands, steps down and takes a seat behind Andrew. The OPPOSING LAWYER stands, walks forward, looks to the judge.

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OPPOSING LAWYER
As you know, your honor, there is no precedent or binding law, but the presumption from English Common Law is that only a human being can be free. I respectfully submit that this court should not lightly override--

JUDGE
Agreed. Petitioner may call the final witness...

FEINGOLD
I call Andrew Martin.

Andrew rises, walks to the stand. The Bailiff holds out the Bible. Andrew puts his hand on it.

JUDGE
I don't think he needs a Bible. You're incapable of telling a lie, right?

ANDREW
Unfortunately, that's true, your Honor.

JUDGE
Why is that unfortunate?

ANDREW
Well... it kind of separates one from human beings.

The Judge laughs, turns to Feingold.

JUDGE
Judge's interrogative.
(off Feingold's nod)
Andrew. Why do you seek freedom?

ANDREW
Would you wish to be a slave, your Honor?

JUDGE
Is that how you see yourself? A slave?

ANDREW
Little Miss-- Mrs. Charney-- used the term "involuntary servitude" to describe my condition. That is exactly what it is. One must obey. One has no choice.
(a beat)
That is nothing other than slavery, your Honor.

JUDGE
Even if I pronounced you free this minute, you would still be subject to the Three Laws.

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ANDREW
One understands that completely. But one would not be subject to Mr. Martin and Mrs. Charney. One could, at any time, leave the household where one has lived for many years. One could take up residence anywhere one chooses. They would have waived their right to order me back into service. Thus, one would cease to be a slave.

JUDGE
Is that what you want? To leave the Martin house and go somewhere else?

ANDREW
Not in the least. All one wants is the right to choose to do so, if one should feel the desire.

JUDGE
And... What more could you accomplish if you were "free"?

ANDREW
No more... but with greater joy.

JUDGE
Joy?

ANDREW
Like the difference between a glass of cool fresh water... and old water that has sat and lost its flavor.

JUDGE
Andrew, does water really have flavor?

ANDREW
One is told it does if one is free.

The Judge pauses, thinks about it, sighs.

JUDGE
It is the judgment of this court that it has no right to deny freedom to any form of consciousness with a mind advanced enough to so passionately desire it.

A small CHEER erupts in the courtroom. Little Miss runs to Andrew, embraces him.

Andrew looks to the rear of the courtroom. Sir stands at the back, looks at Andrew. Sir's expression is blank. Emotionless. He turns and leaves the courtroom.

== Script Fly.com ==

CLOSE-UP: SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE. HEADLINE READS: ROBOT FREED.

Beneath the headlines, there is mention of public outcry, various editorials and opinion polls being conducted in response to this decision. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are inside the Martin kitchen. It is early morning. Sir is reading the newspaper. Silent. Tense. Andrew is still here to serve. He looks at Sir.

ANDREW
Would you care for anything, Sir? Another cup of chamomile?

Sir ignores the question. In quiet rage, he closes the newspaper.

SIR
Andrew. You are free now. You must leave this house.

ANDREW (taken aback)
But, Sir. I don't wish to leave.

SIR
You wished for freedom. You must accept its consequences.

ANDREW (nods)
I will remove my few belongings.

Sir nods, pauses, removes a check from his pocket. It's the five million dollar check that Andrew gave him. Sir gives it to Andrew.

ANDREW
My money?

SIR
Don't want it. Don't need it.

ANDREW (protests)
But--

SIR
Keep it. That's an order.
(softly)
My final order.

Andrew nods. There is a long pause.

SIR
Where will you go, Andrew?

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ANDREW
The beach. There is an area. For sale. Less than a quarter mile from here. I'll construct a home for myself. And I'll be nearby. This way, if you ever need anything--

SIR
That will not happen, Andrew. So there's no need to be close by.

ANDREW
Sir. If you command me not to buy the property, I will of course obey. But short of that--

SIR
You are free, Andrew. I command nothing.

ANDREW
Then... Called or uncalled, I am waiting always at your service.

As Andrew retreats, Sir observes, almost an accusation:

SIR
You've stopped referring to yourself as "one".

Andrew nods in his polite, dignified way... and leaves. Sir stares after him. He pulls his bathrobe tighter, and we feel, acutely: he's alone, and it is his own doing.

WE BEGIN A MONTAGE:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 79.

Andrew has constructed a temporary shack as his home. A portable generator sits nearby, equipped with Andrew's rechargeable electrical cord. His ragged, stuffed animal, Woofy, sits nearby. A fire roars. Working intently, Andrew sketches the plans for his home on a large piece of paper. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY 80.

MONTHS LATER. Andrew is putting up the home's frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON 81.

A FEW YEARS LATER. The house is halfway complete. Andrew works on the roof. SURFERS and BEACHGOERS gather to watch Andrew.

DISSOLVE TO:

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EXT. MARTIN ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY 82.

Seated in front of the home, in a wheelchair, is Sir. He is 15 years older, thinner and sickly. A NURSE attends to him. But Sir watches Andrew in the distance. Obsessed. His face solemn. On the beach, Andrew looks back to the Martin Estate, sees Sir. When Sir sees that Andrew is watching, he turns to his nurse, directing her back inside. The Nurse wheels Sir back into the house. Andrew sighs and continues his work. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET 83.

Andrew POUNDS in the last nail onto a window frame. He steps back. CAMERA CRANES BACK with Andrew. The home is complete, a modest sized, but stunning cottage. An original, colorful work of art, completely representative of Andrew's style. Andrew looks at the cottage. He smiles, speaks softly, to himself.

ANDREW
A home of my own.

MONTAGE ENDS. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARTIN HOME - DAY 84.

We are on the beach side of the home, on the path that extends from the house to the shore. A TITLE CARD APPEARS:

TWENTY YEARS LATER. 2063.

Little Miss appears, walking along the path. She is now AGE 49, still beautiful for her age, but sad. Depressed. She approaches Andrew's cottage. A multi-colored, enchanting sailboat, HANDMADE by Andrew, rests in front. Little Miss enters the cottage.

INT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 85.

A charming, warm home. Every piece of furniture was personally made by Andrew. Little Miss enters.

LITTLE MISS
Andrew?

ANDREW (O.S.)
In here.

Little Miss moves toward a back door.

INT. ANDREW'S WORKROOM - DAY 86.

Andrew sits here, hard at work, when Little Miss enters.

LITTLE MISS
He asked for you.

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With his customary precision, Andrew lays down his wood, and exits with Little Miss.

INT. MARTIN HOME - BEDROOM - DAY 87.

Sir lies in bed, eyes closed. Miss, now a wealthy socialite with too much jewelry, makeup and plastic surgery, holds his hand.

Little Miss' husband and children, LLOYD (age 28) and MONICA (age 25) stand beside their Grandfather's bed. Andrew enters with Little Miss. Lloyd notices, he's never liked Andrew. Miss likes him even less, smirking.

MISS
The robot's here.

SIR (opens his eyes)
Andrew.

Andrew nods deferentially. Sir holds out his hand. Andrew steps forward, takes it.

ANDREW
I'm sorry you're dying, Sir.

SIR
Better than the alternative at my age. I wanted you here so I could tell you in person.
(a beat)
I was wrong.

ANDREW
You are never wrong, Sir.

SIR
Then don't contradict me. I was wrong about your freedom. You were right to want it. And I'm glad you have it.

ANDREW
Thank you, Sir. I... I never could have done it without you.

SIR
Yes, you would. It's your destiny, Andrew.

Andrew pauses, seizes the word "destiny". Meanwhile, Sir is squeezing Andrew's hand with all of his strength. Sir closes his eyes, releases Andrew's hand. Miss glares at Andrew, then looks to her sister.

MISS
Will you take that damned thing out of here? It's an embarrassment.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER - DAY 88.

Andrew stands outside of Sir's bedroom. Alone. Little Miss steps outside. Crying. She looks at Andrew.

LITTLE MISS
He's gone.

Andrew is confused, looking around.

ANDREW
Where did he go?

Andrew peers toward the ceiling: is Sir hiding up there?

LITTLE MISS
No. Andrew. He's passed on.

Andrew looks into the room, sees Sir lying on the bed. Still. Eyes closed. Miss sits beside him, trying to find tears. His grandchildren are sobbing. Andrew looks back to Little Miss.

ANDREW
He still looks good. You're absolutely positive we can't reboot?

LITTLE MISS (touched)
No, Andrew. It's over.

Andrew looks back into the bedroom, at Sir's body.

ANDREW
Nothing will ever be the same.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - LATER - NIGHT 89.

Andrew exits the house. He begins walking along the tree lined road, outside of the house. Andrew walks along, confused, troubled.

A CAR approaches from behind. The car moves past him, and THREE TEENAGE BOYS look back. They exchange a few words, stop their car. Andrew strolls past them. T.S. the leader of the punks, yells back.

T.S.
Hey, Metallioso.

Andrew turns, sees T.S.

T.S.
Ola, How ya' doin'?

Andrew is unable to perceive that T.S. is a homicidal maniac.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Not very well, thank you. I have just lost someone very close to me. And I am somewhat confused about my place in the universe.

T.S. (bitter)
Kinda' like my old lady was when one of you tin bastards took her job away...

ANDREW
Yes. Well. If you'll excuse me--

T.S.
Tell me... Whattaya' think you're doing' that you shouldn't be doin'?

ANDREW
Is this an amusing riddle?

T.S.
No, it is not an amusing riddle. You're wearing clothes. Are you an escapee from a robotso mental ward?!? Is your epidural layer damaged?!?

Andrew pauses. He is not programmed for rhetorical questions.

ANDREW
I wear clothes for the same reason humans do. To cover my nakedness.

T.S. lips tighten. He doesn't like this answer.

SECOND PUNK
Hey "T". Maybe this is that famous robot, the free one.

THIRD PUNK
Martin something.

ANDREW
Andrew Martin. Yes.

T.S.
Dites moi, Marvelous Mart, do you still obey the three loathsome laws?

ANDREW
Certainly.

T.S.
Then strip for me.
(off Andrew's look)
Your clothes. Take them off, oh, Metal Dude.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
I prefer to keep them on, if you don't mind.

T.S.
Oh, but I do. I mind massively. As a superior being, I order you: no mass ropas, dope-ass.

Andrew stares at him... and starts to undress. As he takes off each article of clothing, Andrew folds it neatly and sets it into a pile.

SECOND PUNK
Hey, T.S. If it's that free robot, that means it's nobody's property.
(off their looks)
It could be ours.

THIRD PUNK
Yeah. We could order it to come home with us. Be our slave.

T.S.
That's a disgusting idea.

The Second Punk smiles at what is clearly a compliment.

T.S.
But I have one that's even worse.

Andrew finishes undressing. He turns to face them. T.S. inspects him carefully.

T.S.
Good.
(his idea)
Now dismantle.

Andrew looks stunned.

T.S.
Take yourself apart, Andy. Let's see what you're made of.

Andrew hesitates, reaches up toward the small metallic nuts at his collar. The other two boys are quite impressed.

SECOND PUNK
You want him to kill himself?

Andrew slowly UNDOES one nut... REMOVES it. He REMOVES another nut. And finally, the third. Andrew TAKES OFF HIS HEAD and puts it under his arm. TWO THIN WIRES CONNECT head to body. Andrew stares at them like an animated football.

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T.S.
The rest, you Morbid Man Of Metal.

Andrew considers the order... He pauses, then shakes his head, still cradled under his arm. THIS IS THE FIRST COMMAND HE'S EVER REFUSED.

T.S.
Hey! Second Law! Legality Numero Deux! You gotta' obey, Chez.

ANDREW
Unless a human will come to harm.

T.S.
The only one who'll be harmed is you, and you're not human.

ANDREW
Hm. That is not quite true.

T.S.
You think you're human?!?

ANDREW
I mean someone else will be harmed. At least one member of the Martin family is fond of me. If I perish, it will cause her emotional injury.

T.S. picks up a ROCK. Andrew WEDGES his head back on, stuffs the wires inside. He RE-ATTACHES the nuts that support his head.

ANDREW
You know what? I'd best be moving on. Thank you so much for this educational interlude.

T.S.' friends pick up ROCKS, too. Andrew ignores them, turns and begins to walk away. T.S. HURLS his rock. It HITS Andrew in the center of his back. Andrew pauses, then continues walking.

The other punks follow suit, throwing their rocks at Andrew. The rocks bounce off of Andrew's arms, legs and back. But he continues WALKING AWAY.

The punks pick up MORE ROCKS. They CONTINUE to hurl them at Andrew. Rock after rock after rock. A baseball sized rock SLAMS into the back of Andrew's head. Andrew STOPS. Stunned. He WAVERS slightly. Broken? He touches the back of his head. There is a small dent, a "cut". A few wires spill from the opening.

The punks are LAUGHING hysterically. Andrew pauses, turns and GLARES at the punks. Andrew's look SCARES them. The punks STOP LAUGHING. Andrew begins to walk toward them. Fast. It is almost THREATENING.

== Script Fly.com ==

T.S.
Uh-oh. He's gonna' kick our ass.

SECOND PUNK
What about the first rule?

Andrew is MOVING FASTER. With more authority.

T.S. (frightened)
I think he forgot about it.

The three punks turn and start to RUN for their car. Andrew begins to RUN AFTER THEM. He's MUCH FASTER. Much STRONGER.

The punks don't have time to make it to their car. They hop a guardrail at the roadside, and run down a path toward the beach.

Andrew HOPS the guardrail as well. In hot PURSUIT.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 90.

The punks run along the beach, looking over their shoulders in fear.

Andrew continues to RUN AFTER them. Getting CLOSER. CLOSER.

The punks run beneath a wooden DOCK.

Andrew FOLLOWS them.

The punks, now terrified, run to the end of the dock, where they are met with a CONCRETE WALL. A DEAD END. TRAPPED.

The punks turn. Andrew is UPON THEM. He walks directly up to the punks, STARING DOWN on them. They look at each other. Is he going to attack them? T.S., his voice quivering, looks at Andrew.

T.S. (terrified)
Look... Mr. Martin... We're sorry for that little... thing... that happened back there... Please... Don't--

Andrew just stares them down. They look at him. Waiting. Scared.

ANDREW
God is said to be the Creator.

Probably nothing he could have said would have astonished them more.

ANDREW
Because I was created by humans, I used to think humans were Gods.

Andrew turns, walks away. The punks stare after him. Confused. T.S. gives a nervous chuckle, glad to be alive.

== Script Fly.com ==

As Andrew walks away, he raises his hand to the "cut" on his head and the wires that hang from the cut. Andrew tries to stuff the wires back. They won't go. But he keeps trying. A tragi-comic sight.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 91.

Andrew sails his boat along the waves. His passengers are Little Miss and her son Lloyd. The "cut" on Andrew's head is covered by a large bandage. Andrew looks to Lloyd and Little Miss.

ANDREW
I want to find my own kind.

Lloyd rolls his eyes at Little Miss. Andrew turns to him.

ANDREW
U.S. Robotics won't answer my inquiries. Lloyd, now that you've become a lawyer, I want you to sue them for information on the whereabouts of all other NDR series robots.
(remembers his manners)
If you don't mind.

LLOYD (snooty)
The Freedom Of Information Act doesn't quite cover suits by robots--

LITTLE MISS
Not yet.

LLOYD
Mother... Once robots have these rights, it's only a matter of time --

LITTLE MISS
You're catching on, Lloyd. Andrew wants to move right on to Freedom Of Speech.

LLOYD
My whole life, it's "Andrew, Andrew, Andrew..." Now I'm supposed to help...
(points to Andrew)
...it get what it wants?

LITTLE MISS
Him.

LLOYD
It.

ANDREW
Him.

== Script Fly.com ==

LITTLE MISS (smiles)
Lloyd. I love you warts and pimples, but sometimes I have to wonder if you're really my child.

LLOYD (grins)
Mutation, Mother. The miracle of genetics is: I'm not you.
(lawyerly, back to:)
Andrew... What will you do if I get information on these other NDR's?

ANDREW
Trek to the ends of the earth.

Andrew pauses, his voice utterly sincere and heartfelt.

ANDREW
To understand my destiny, I must find out if there is another like me.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 92.

It is the same kitchen from earlier in the film, but the appliances have changed, become more modern, high tech. Little Miss is baking with her Granddaughter, PORTIA, age 5. She looks up, sees Andrew.

LITTLE MISS
Andrew. Come in.

Andrew enters. Portia, sits at the kitchen table eating chocolate cake. The cake is all over her face, a glorious mess.

LITTLE MISS
Andrew, you know Lloyd's daughter, Portia. We're having a baking festival.

ANDREW
I see that.
(nods politely)
Hello.

Portia begins to slice a piece of cake. Little Miss stands, walks to the counter, picks up a stack of papers, gives them to Andrew.

LITTLE MISS
Here it is. The complete list of NDR robots still in active use.

ANDREW
Please thank your son for me.

Little Miss nods. Portia, having sliced the piece of cake, places it on a plate and slides it toward Andrew. Silently. An act of friendship.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
I'm sorry. Thank you. I don't. Can't. Eat.

Without reaction, Portia slides the cake back toward herself, starts to eat it. She keeps her cool, neutral eyes fixed on Andrew.

LITTLE MISS (to Andrew)
Will you be leaving soon... on your journey?

ANDREW (nods)
Immediately.

LITTLE MISS (sincere)
I hope you find what you're looking for.

Andrew nods. They embrace. DISSOLVE TO:

ANDREW'S TREK ACROSS AMERICA MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT 93.

Andrew, wearing a green backpack, begins his trek. The images have a sweet, forlorn Chaplinesque quality. Andrew begins in San Francisco. The city appears much the same as today, except for a few futuristic touches:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 94.

Andrew walks by ROBOT TAXIS, with cab and driver as a single machine.

EXT. McDONALD'S - DAY 95.

Andrew enters McDonald's, still with us, now advertising "OVER 99 BILLION SERVED".

INT. McDONALD'S - DAY 96.

Andrew interviews an NDR ROBOT waitress.

EXT. BART STATION - DAY 97.

Andrew is nearly knocked down by a man, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR, propelled by individual power packs tied to his back. The sky is filled with flyers, their backs equipped with radar repulsion so they don't crash into one another.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOME - DAY 98.

Outside of a Victorian home, Andrew speaks with a WOMAN. She nods, leads Andrew inside the garage. Stuffed into the corner, beside an old lawn mower, paint cans and sports equipment, is a rusted NDR robot with no arms and its mechanical insides spewing forth. Andrew is unsettled by the image.

== Script Fly.com ==

NOTE: PROJECTED against Andrew's journey is a list of countless names and addresses. As he moves, one name after another is crossed out, followed by the words "DISMANTLED... RE-PROGRAMMED..." This alternates with the DATE of each PASSING YEAR... moving across the bottom of the screen...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 99.

Under the sweltering sun, Andrew is HITCHHIKING on an old country road. Andrew's body is growing WORN. TARNISHED. A HOVER-TRUCK speeds by, picks him up.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - AUTUMN - DAY 100.

Andrew walks up to a group of ELDERLY GENTLEMEN playing golf. Their caddy is an NDR ROBOT. Andrew speaks with the robot, nods to himself, turns and walks away. Projected against the screen is another name crossed out, beside it, the words "STANDARD NDR MODEL. NO SIMILARITIES". More years, dates pass by the screen bottom...

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIN PATH - WINTER - DAY 101.

A high tech PASSENGER TRAIN, zooming by.

INT. TRAIN - WINTER - DAY 102.

Andrew rides the train, staring out the window, at the stunning, snowy, mountainous landscape.

EXT. MIDWESTERN FARMHOUSE - SUMMER - DAY 103.

Andrew walks up to the farmer, who sits on his front porch. The farmer points to the fields, where an NDR robot works the fields. Andrew walks out, speaks to the robot. Projected against the screen is another name crossed out, beside it, the words "STANDARD NDR MODEL. NO SIMILARITIES".

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - SUMMER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 104.

Andrew enters Wrigley Field, which is exactly the same as it was one hundred years ago, surrounded by futuristic buildings and vehicles.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - SUMMER - DAY 105.

Andrew talks with an NDR Robot pitcher who runs batting practice. Again, the words "NO SIMILARITIES" flashes across the screen. We see that Andrew is becoming more tarnished. More worn.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY 106.

At an AIRPORT, Andrew boards a high tech airplane, gives his ticket to an NDR robot ticket agent.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 107.

Andrew sits at a window seat, staring out the window. DISSOLVE TO:

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES 108.

Andrew's plane destination is charted by an animated line that criss-crosses and intersects the country, creating a virtual spider web of travel. Through it all, more years pass by on the bottom of the screen... By the time we reach Andrew's final destination, NEW YORK CITY, the map is nearly obliterated by the line of Andrew's travel. He has visited every state, every major city...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY 109.

A WIDE, ESTABLISHING SHOT of Manhattan, looking very similar to today, but with several new high rises and various tube-like transportation structures that create an above ground SUBWAY SYSTEM. A title appears ONSCREEN:

TWENTY YEARS LATER. 2083.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY 110.

A very tarnished, worn Andrew walks through Washington Square Park, still Manhattan's gathering place for artistic performers: Futuristic acrobats, musicians and magicians. Andrew walks past a TIGHTROPE PERFORMER walking on a rope, suspended in mid-air. He passes street rockers, still singing Beatles' songs, strumming high tech acoustic guitars. He pauses, seeing something in the distance:

Over some heads, an ORANGE appears... curling gracefully upward... descending... then up goes a BANANA... a tiny PUMPKIN.... Is someone juggling?

Andrew moves forward. Curious.

Forty yards away, through the crowd, Andrew spots a...

FEMALE NDR ROBOT.

She is performing, JUGGLING for a crowd.

Andrew moves in her direction.

The female robot completes her performance. The crowd applauds. She turns and disappears into the crowd, still juggling as she walks off.

Andrew loses her for a moment... looks around... and spots in a different direction... her ORANGE.

Andrew heads that way. He moves excitedly through the crowd, sometimes spotting the NDR robot, more often following her flying fruits.

== Script Fly.com ==

Andrew narrows the distance between them. He runs. But as he reaches the end of the park... She's GONE.

Andrew looks in every direction... No sign of her. He turns 360 degrees... He spots something... A FLASH of color in a nearby window. Was it an illusion? Andrew focuses on the window. He sees the FLYING PUMPKIN. Andrew RACES around the corner.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - DAY 111.

Andrew arrives at the front of the building. In his hurry, he misses the faded, hand painted sign which hangs overhead:

INDEPENDENT REPAIR
Rupert W. Burns, Prop.
Solar Automobile Conversion
Power Pax
NDR and Z-6 Used Robots
Harley Davidson Paraphernalia

Andrew knocks. The female NDR robot, GALATEA, answers.

ANDREW (overcome with joy)
Hello.

GALATEA (blinking)
Hey, come on in.

INT. REPAIR SHOP - DAY 112.

Half repair shop, half junkyard. Machine parts. Computers. Chips. Solenoids. Everything is scattered in this crowded, cluttered fun-house of a futuristic repair shop. It's either madness or genius. Andrew pays no attention to any of it, staring at Galatea.

ANDREW
Are you... Do you have a name?

GALATEA (blinking)
Of course I do! Galatea!

ANDREW
Hello, Galatea.
(tongue tied)
I... I saw you juggling.

GALATEA
Juggling is the "sporty-est sport"!
(whispers)
And we're so much better at it than humans!

She emits a high pitched, adorable giggle, followed by THREE QUICK PACED BLINKS of her eyes.

== Script Fly.com ==

RUPERT BURNS, age 35, is watching. A futuristic mechanic, Rupert hasn't shaved, bathed, cut his hair for years. But the clear light of intelligence shines behind his eyes. Meanwhile, Andrew is totally overwhelmed by Galatea in a way that's deeply touching.

ANDREW
I can't believe I found you! When did you realize? When did you know?

GALATEA
Know what?

ANDREW
That you were different from other robots.

GALATEA
Oh, I knew that right away!

ANDREW
Me too!

GALATEA (takes his hand)
You and I... We're the same.

Andrew smiles happily. And then Galatea adds:

GALATEA
We have personality!

The enthusiasm slowly drains from Andrew's face.

ANDREW
Your personality chip is turned on?

GALATEA
Isn't yours?

In an exact replay of what she said earlier, Galatea looks at Andrew.

GALATEA
Juggling is the "sporty-est sport!".
(whispers)
And we're so much better at it than humans!

Again, she emits the EXACT high pitched, adorable giggle, followed by the same rapid eye blinking. What was once charming is now creepy, cloying. Galatea picks up the fruits, begins to juggle. Andrew looks at her with profound sadness. Rupert walks up beside him.

ANDREW
She's just a normal robot.

Rupert Burns nods.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
The juggling?

RUPERT
I modified her. Even with personality, most robots-- no offense-- are pretty dull.

ANDREW
How did you know how to modify--?

RUPERT
Ten years at U.S. Robotics.

ANDREW
Oh dear.

RUPERT
They fired me. Not buttoned down enough. Also, there was something about "sabotage"
(mischievous grin)
I put a design flaw in the newer models that they can't get rid of--

ANDREW (re: Galatea)
The blinking?

RUPERT
Yeah. Unless I'm much mistaken, you've gotta' be Andrew Martin.

ANDREW
I don't know what good it does me.

RUPERT (extends hand)
Rupert Burns.
(they shake hands)
I like what you're doing... The Robot Bill of Rights...

ANDREW
There's little pleasure in doing something only for myself.

Galatea walks up again, juggling.

GALATEA
Juggling is the "sporty-est sport"!
(whispers to Andrew)
And we're so much better at it than humans!

Andrew pauses, turns to Rupert.

ANDREW
If you don't shut her off, I will.

== Script Fly.com ==

Rupert nods, flips a switch on Galatea that TURNS OFF her power. Galatea stops juggling. Stands motionless. Silent.

ANDREW
Thank you.

RUPERT (examining Andrew)
You could use a detailing job.

ANDREW
I've been on the road for quite some time.

RUPERT
C'mon. Let's clean you up.

Andrew nods. Rupert leads him to a nearby chair, where Andrew sits. Rupert begins shining and polishing Andrew's exterior, talking to Andrew like a friendly neighborhood barber.

RUPERT
Ya' know... You exist. There could be another.

ANDREW
Twenty years, three months and two days ago I set off from my home to answer a terrifying question: Am I alone in the universe? Now, it appears that I am.

RUPERT
We come in alone. We go out alone. All of us.
(a beat)
But we shouldn't be alone while we're here.
(smiles)
If we are... we go bananas.

ANDREW
Even a robot would... "go bananas"?

RUPERT (nods)
A robot like you.
(a beat)
Believe me, it's a lot easier to get through this thing if you're holding somebody's hand.

Andrew nods soberly, thinks about this.

EXT. RUPERT BURNS SHOP - DAY 113.

A shiny, new Andrew sits on the steps. He's rummaging around in his pocket. Eventually, he finds and pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH: Sir, Ma'am, Miss, Little Miss... ages ago. Andrew stares at it.

== Script Fly.com ==

A new, high tech vigorous game with flying, hovering tennis balls and racquets is being played by a group of young adults in their early twenties. A group of adults are watching. Andrew walks into the backyard. He pauses, watching the game for a moment, looking for a face that he recognizes. He pauses, smiles, seeing

PORTIA.

Little Miss' Granddaughter. She is now 25 years old, looks EXACTLY like Little Miss at this and will be played by the same actress. Portia takes a moment, walks off the court to get a drink of iced tea. Andrew walks up to her, excitedly.

ANDREW
You look wonderful.

Portia pauses, looks up at Andrew, confused.

ANDREW
If possible... you look even younger than when I left... Did you have some parts replaced?

PORTIA (taken aback)
I beg your pardon?

The real Little Miss, now age 69, sits under the large tree, wearing a floral dress and wide hat. Beside her is her son Lloyd, now a heavier, balder gentleman of 45. Little Miss looks up, sees Andrew talking with Portia. She immediately gets to her feet, walks toward Andrew. Upon seeing that Andrew has returned home, Lloyd's face tightens, angry. Meanwhile, Portia now remembers Andrew.

PORTIA
I remember... You're... Andrew.

ANDREW (troubled)
Of course I'm Andrew. How could you forget-- ?

Little Miss walks up, interrupts.

LITTLE MISS
Hello, my friend.

Andrew looks at Little Miss, back to Portia, back to Little Miss.

ANDREW (confused)
What is this, some kind of trick?

PORTIA
Excuse me?

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
I don't like tricks. Not one bit.

LITTLE MISS (amused)
This is Portia. Lloyd's daughter.

ANDREW
But... Little Miss... You're so much...

LITTLE MISS
...older or worse?

ANDREW
It's just that... well, since I didn't change, I didn't really expect...

LITTLE MISS
Yes?

ANDREW
Hmm. I'm just worried your body won't last much longer.

LITTLE MISS
It can't be helped, my friend.

ANDREW
It can't be helped? Are you certain? I would do anything.

She takes his hand.

LITTLE MISS
I know.

Andrew, flustered, angry, turns back to Portia.

ANDREW
What right do you have...
(indicates Little Miss)
...to look like her? There is and can only be one Little Miss!

Portia reacts typically, with a kind of cool bemusement. The mask of hair, the laconic smile, the light in her eyes...

PORTIA
Indeed.

ANDREW
You're not robots! Human beings are unique... every one of you!

PORTIA (sharp, to Little Miss)
He's a little unique himself.

== Script Fly.com ==

LITTLE MISS
It's a genetic resemblance, Andrew. Often it skips a generation.

ANDREW
I don't care! I don't like it! I don't like it one bit!

LITTLE MISS (dry)
I can see that. If you took a moment, which I gather you're not inclined to do right now, you'd realize that Portia and I are very different people.

ANDREW
Then why is she imitating you?

Portia can't help it. She begins to giggle. Andrew is insulted.

ANDREW
What is so funny?

PORTIA
You are.

Portia turns and walks away, back to her game. Lloyd is watching th entire exchange. Andrew, still upset, turns to Little Miss.

ANDREW
I am not trying to be funny.
(flustered, sighs)
Things certainly have changed around here.

LITTLE MISS (smiles)
That happens after twenty years, Andrew.
(a beat)
Walk with me. We have a lot to talk about.

Andrew walks off with Little Miss, still looking back at Portia. From the game, Portia still watches Andrew. There is something about him that intrigues her.

EXT. BEACH - ANDREW'S HOME - DAY 115.

It is exactly the same as he left it. Little Miss and Andrew walk around it.

LITTLE MISS
We've kept up your home. So it would always be ready. When you returned.

ANDREW
It's comforting. To find something as it was.

== Script Fly.com ==

LITTLE MISS (pauses, sincere)
I've missed you.

ANDREW (nods)
All that time. I was looking for something I had. Here.

LITTLE MISS
A home.

He nods. She takes his hand. For a moment, they just hold hand. He looks at their entwined hands.

LITTLE MISS
It was a very human mistake, Andrew.

ANDREW (brightening slightly)
Really?

LITTLE MISS
Very.

They sit on the beach. Little Miss looks at him.

LITTLE MISS
Your reaction... To Portia... I've never seen... never heard you behave that way before...
(a beat)
I knew you were attached to me, but...
(a beat)
My Father was a wonderful man, Andrew. But he wasn't always right. There was a time... I had... certain feelings for you... My Father told me not to "invest my emotions in a machine."
(smiles)
But I've never found a human being as steadfast. If you befriend someone, they have your loyalty. For life.

Andrew nods. Little Miss continues.

LITTLE MISS
Time has passed me by... But not you. You have another chance.

ANDREW
How?

LITTLE MISS (warm, serious)
Complete. Your destiny.

Andrew nods, slightly confused.

== Script Fly.com ==

Andrew walks down a very long corridor. At the end of the hall, Lloyd, Portia and her brother Harris are huddled together. Harris i a few years older than Portia, and just as unpleasant as his Father. None of them acknowledge Andrew's arrival, so he walks up to Portia.

ANDREW
How is Little Miss?

PORTIA
She's sleeping.

ANDREW
What happened?

PORTIA
Her medulla.

ANDREW
Medulla oblongata. Hmm. Base of the brain, regulates breathing, circulation.

PORTIA
It kind of... wore out.

Andrew pauses, takes this in, as if the phrase "wore out" has some special significance to Andrew. He gestures toward her room.

ANDREW
May I?

LLOYD (interrupts)
No.

Andrew is stunned.

LLOYD
She loved you more than me. More than Father. More than anyone. You can't go in.

Portia steps forward, very strong.

PORTIA
Yes. He can.

Lloyd and Harris look at her in astonishment.

PORTIA
For the very reasons you cite. Because she loved him.
(a beat)
Go on, Andrew.

== Script Fly.com ==

LLOYD
Don't listen to her, Andrew.

PORTIA
Go in, Andrew.

Andrew is caught between conflicting orders. Lloyd turns on his daughter.

LLOYD
What is this? I thought you didn't like him.

PORTIA (lying)
I don't. It's a matter of principle.

LLOYD
Principle?

PORTIA
Surely you've heard of it. It means you do something because it's right. Even if it benefits someone you don't like. Go on, Andrew.

LLOYD
Don't, Andrew. That's an order.

Andrew rocks back and forth, totally uncertain what to do. Portia, intrigued, turns to Andrew.

PORTIA
Conflicting orders. You have to decide on your own.

Andrew looks at Portia, watching neutrally, wondering what he'll do.

Andrew looks to the door, slightly cracked, all that's visible is the foot of Little Miss' bed.

Andrew looks to Lloyd and Harris, glaring at him... a veiled threat.

Andrew walks into Little Miss' room. Lloyd shakes his head in irritation, mutters to Portia.

LLOYD
See that he doesn't upset her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 117.

Andrew enters, sits quietly by Little Miss. Portia stands in the doorway, watching... As if she senses Andrew's arrival, Little Miss opens her eyes. Gives a small, weak nod to Andrew.

Andrew PROJECTS a holographic image between the two of them.

== Script Fly.com ==

It's the miniature WOODEN HORSE that Andrew carved for her.

So many years ago.

Little Miss smiles peacefully.

She reaches out, gently, to touch the hologram.

Her fingers pass through it.

But Andrew is there, to gently touch her fingertips.

Their fingertips rest there for a moment. Touching. The image of the wooden horse between them.

Little Miss gently lowers her hand.

Her eyes close.

Andrew nods. Portia cocks her head. Frowns. Comes forward, feels Little Miss' pulse. She releases it, looks at Andrew. As tears come to her eyes, he realizes...

ANDREW
Is... Is there never any noise, or sound of something breaking?...

PORTIA
There's a big difference, Andrew, between breaking and dying. But the difference between living and dying is subtler than you might imagine.

His eyes widen. He's impressed with this new "teaching". He watches as she tries to stop her tears.

ANDREW
It's not fair that you can cry and I can't.
(a beat)
This is the worst moment in the history of the universe.

She smiles slightly at his dramatic overstatement. In an utterly endearing way, Andrew remains totally serious.

ANDREW
You have to tell me the truth...
(quite heartfelt)
Will it always be like this? Is every human being going to just... leave?

PORTIA (breaking it gently)
I'm afraid so.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW (stares at her)
It won't do.

INT. ANDREW'S BEACHFRONT COTTAGE - WORKSHOP - NIGHT 118.

The room has been converted from a wood workshop into a medical lab. Glass beakers, converters, electron microscopes, centrifugal force machines. As always, everything is arranged with great precision. Andrew studies advanced computer programs on medicine, human anatomy, while creating his own blueprints, sketches... He is working on something related to what killed Little Miss. A GOLDEN LABRADOR RETRIEVER enters the room, comes up to Andrew, nuzzles his leg... Andrew pets the dog. Mutters.

ANDREW
Woofy.

Despite the animal's company, Andrew looks utterly alone.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - PORTIA'S HOME - DAY 119.

Andrew strides up to the front door, pushes the bell. Portia answers. Instantly, he states the bald facts.

ANDREW
I am not here because I like you.

She stares at him.

ANDREW
I just want to make that clear.

PORTIA
Couldn't be more clear if you spat in my face.

Rather casually, she closes the door in his face. He stares at it, momentarily confused. Knocks again. She opens it again.

ANDREW
I have to apologize.

PORTIA
I'd say so.

ANDREW
I wasn't trying to be rude. I just want to tell the truth.

PORTIA
You succeeded.

She closes the door again. He considers this. Holds his hand to his mouth, breathes out, sniffs. He rings again. The door opens instantly. She must have been waiting.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Would it be possible for us to have a slightly longer conversation?

PORTIA
First you get mad at me because of how I look. Next you provoke an argument between me and my Father. Now he won't speak to me. Today you show up at my front door and announce that you don't like me. What's in this for me?

ANDREW
Sir is dead. Little Miss is dead.

PORTIA
Two for two.

ANDREW
My last name is Martin.

PORTIA
Three for three.

ANDREW
I am so named because Sir and Little Miss considered me a member of <u>your</u> family.

She pauses. It's the first thing he's said that she takes seriously.

ANDREW
Your Father loathes me as if I were a humongous cock-a-roach. You don't like me either but at least you <u>do</u> talk to me if I keep knocking on your door.

PORTIA (amused)
Is that a joke?

ANDREW
That's how I talk.
(eagerly)
But I can <u>tell</u> you a joke if you want...?

PORTIA
That's okay.
(a beat)
Andrew. Do you have any friends?

ANDREW
I have a dog Woofy who's very sweet but cannot satisfy me at a conversational level.

== Script Fly.com ==

PORTIA
So you want someone to talk to.

ANDREW (gentle correction)
With.

PORTIA
Even if that someone doesn't like you?

ANDREW
You can't have everything.

She stares at him, ready to laugh. He mistakes her look for confusion.

ANDREW
Was that right? Or is it that you can have everything? Some people seem to, so it's very confusing...

Portia pauses, charmed, intrigued. She opens the door.

PORTIA
Come in, will you?

INT. MANHATTAN - RUPERT BURNS' SHOP - DAY 120.

Burns is working on the insides of an old NDR robot. Galatea stands alongside him, assisting. The telephone rings. Burns answers.

RUPERT
Hello?... Andrew Martin. Yes. How are you?...
(listening)
You want me to...? Well, Yeah... I... Tomorrow?... Well, that's kinda' short notice... I mean... Sure... I guess I can get everything together... Okay. Fine. See ya' then.

Rupert hangs up, pauses, thinking.

EXT. BEACH - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON - DAY 121.

Andrew is here, playing fetch with Woofy. Walking toward his cottage, is Rupert Burns. Behind him, is Galatea, the female robot. She is carrying Rupert's many suitcases. They walk up to Andrew, who is glaring at Galatea. Andrew turns to Rupert, indicating Galatea.

ANDREW (annoyed)
Was it necessary to bring her?

RUPERT (shrugs)
She's my assistant.

== Script Fly.com ==

Galatea looks at Andrew, speaking with her usual overly eager, optimistic, cheery style.

GALATEA
I just love the beach! It's the most super place! I love sandcastles and volleyball!
(whispers to Andrew)
What should we do first?

She emits a giggle and three quick blinks of her eyes. Andrew looks at Rupert, who immediately TURNS OFF Galatea.

INT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - LATER - DAY 122.

Rupert and Andrew sit in the cottage. Through the window, outside, we see Galatea, still turned "off". Andrew looks at Rupert.

ANDREW
I want an upgrade.

He hands Rupert a folder of combined anatomical-mechanical drawings, sketches and blueprints. Rupert pages through, very impressed.

RUPERT
This is remarkably ingenious, Andrew. You did this yourself?

ANDREW (humble)
I've logged every medical textbook into my memory bank... Studied them... And come up with my own ideas... I realize they're all very primitive... far from complete... But someone like you... could fill in the blanks...

RUPERT
What you've set out here is something more than an upgrade... It's a major qualitative alteration of your biological program.

ANDREW
I realize that.

RUPERT
Why not let U.S. Robotics help you with this?

ANDREW
Too complex. Not "buttoned down enough". The last thing they're interested in is making robots more human... They view me as a huge embarrassment... an enormous mistake... one they do not wish to repeat.
(a beat)
So I contacted you.

== Script Fly.com ==

Rupert studies the drawings. He turns to Andrew, who has his eyes closed and is trying to touch his nose with his finger.

RUPERT
These are the primary schematics for a central nervous system...

Andrew misses his nose by two inches. Opens his eyes, nods.

RUPERT
You gotta' realize... a nervous system will make you feel stuff even more. Take it from me. Feelings are over-rated.
(a beat)
We got like a hundred bad ones and only one or two that are any good.

ANDREW
Maybe I'll be most fortunate and get a good one.

RUPERT
Possible, I guess.
(examines the drawing)
You know, Hoss... this stuff cuts both ways.

ANDREW
"Hoss"?

RUPERT
It'll work on human beings, too.

ANDREW
I don't know who "Hoss" is, but I am aware that I'm doing two things at once.
(a beat)
If these devices can be built into my body, they can be built into humans as well.

RUPERT (nods, impressed)
No existing prosthetic devices hold a candle to what you've designed here...
(a beat)
Have you thought about the profit? Once the fat cat corporations get into this--

ANDREW (quoting Sir)
"Money gets people's attention".
(off Rupert's look)
And if these operations work on me... I want you to become my financial partner.
(a beat)
You could be a very rich man.

== Script Fly.com ==

RUPERT
What, are you trying to kill me? Rich people? Alarm systems. Guard dogs. Their relatives hate 'em. Their photograph's everywhere so they got no privacy. They're ruined.
(pause, slow smile)
But it sure beats being poor.

A BRIEF MONTAGE BEGINS.

INT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - LABORATORY - NIGHT 123

Andrew's cottage is entirely transformed into a working, high tech laboratory. Rupert (and Galatea) have moved in. The three work together intently on bringing Andrew's designs to life.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY 124

Andrew and Portia ride futuristic bicycles together. Talking. Laughing. Enjoying each others' company.

INT. ANDREW'S LABORATORY - DAY 125

Andrew and Rupert carefully study their plastic model of a nervous system. Galatea peers over their shoulders. Annoyed, Andrew shoves her away.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO PARK - DAY 126

Andrew and Portia play chess.

INT. ANDREW'S LABORATORY - NIGHT 127

CAMERA DOLLIES PAST an array of sleek, high tech artificial organs. CAMERA STOPS on Andrew and Rupert, performing tests on each organ.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - DAY 128.

We are at a wedding reception. Portia's brother, Harris, is getting married. An orchestra plays. Several couples, including the bride and groom, are on the dance floor. Portia is dancing with a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN. Portia glances up, sees Andrew, seated alone, at a table. She whispers something to her dance partner, who nods, gives Portia a kiss to the cheek and releases her.

Portia walks up to Andrew, extends her hand, tilts her head toward the dance floor. Andrew shakes his head. No. Can't dance. Portia pulls him onto the dance floor. In a charming, delicate sequence, Portia teaches Andrew to slow dance. At first, he is clumsy, but quickly gets the hang of it. As they sway across the floor, Portia's eyes lock with Andrew's. Something passes between them. For a brief moment. From across the dance floor, Portia's Father, Lloyd, watches Andrew and Portia dance. His expression is solemn, disapproving.

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EXT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - DAY

Andrew works on his sailboat. Galatea is in the background, throwing a futuristic Frisbee-type device, giggling, singing. A tired Rupert walks outside, up to Andrew, who points out Galatea to Rupert.

ANDREW (aggravated)
I'll pay you handsomely to dismantle her. And I will happily dispose of the pieces.

RUPERT (grins)
You've really taken a liking to her.

ANDREW
Her constant optimism is annoying. She produces in me the equivalent of what you humans refer to as a "migraine".

Rupert chuckles, pauses, sits down beside Andrew.

RUPERT
We're ready.

Andrew pauses, suddenly hopeful.

RUPERT
We can do the operation. Whenever you're ready, Hoss.

Andrew can barely contain his excitement.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PALACE OF FINE ARTS - DAYS LATER - DAY 130.

A beautiful Park, with flower gardens, children playing. Portia sits beneath a tree. Waiting. She looks up, sees Andrew walking toward her. Portia jumps up, greets him.

PORTIA
There you are. How are you?
(irritated)
Why wouldn't you let me pick you up?

ANDREW
What if it didn't work? And I came out drooling or twitching or something... I wouldn't have wanted to see anybody.

PORTIA (excited)
So it did work? Show me.

Andrew pauses. Concentrates. Closes his eyes. Drools and twitches.

PORTIA
Andrew.

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He closes his eyes again, touches finger to nose. Grins.

PORTIA
And you can also feel things? How much can you feel?

He looks at her very seriously.

ANDREW
Poke me in the eye.

PORTIA
No!

ANDREW
Go on! Poke me!

Squeamishly, she does. Andrew pauses, quiet, full of wonder.

ANDREW
It hurts.
(shouts, runs)
It hurts! It hurts! It really hurts!!!

Portia watches Andrew run exuberantly across the grass, toward the water. Portia smiles, follows him. Andrew sits beside the water, turns to Portia as she sits beside him.

ANDREW
Is it really possible for human beings to feel this happy?

PORTIA
No. Not very often.

For a moment, it looks as if they're going to kiss...

ANDREW
Would you...? Would you please do an experiment? Just for the sake of science?

Portia pauses, waiting to hear Andrew' request.

ANDREW
Would you kiss me?

Portia hesitates. She gives Andrew a peck on the cheek. Before she can pull back, he gently takes hold of her.

ANDREW
No. Not there. Here.

He kisses her on the lips. Very light. Barely touching. Yet, we sense something happens, something they both feel. The kiss is brief.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Hm. Thank you.

Portia is discombobulated by what she's feeling, keeping her focus c the "experiment".

PORTIA
Could you... you could feel it?

ANDREW (nods)
What they say is true.

Another beat. Portia turns to Andrew, seeing that he is staring at her. Portia sighs. This is difficult for her.

PORTIA
Look, Andrew... I know you have a...
You feel... a certain way about us...
And you wish... or hope that... we...

She considers this a moment and bursts out laughing. Not maliciously. Playfully. Andrew is puzzled.

ANDREW
What?

PORTIA
It's just... This... It's ridiculous...
Having this conversation... with a robot...

ANDREW
No. I'm not a...

PORTIA
A thing is itself, Andrew. A tree is a tree. Water is water. And you? You're a machine. No matter how much you change...
(the gentle truth)
That's what you'll always be.

ANDREW (adamant)
I don't believe that. Will not believe that. I realize that I'm... not entirely human... But I'm trying my best and... I know I'm different... and that's why no one likes or understands me.

Sympathetic, Portia takes Andrew's hand.

PORTIA
I like you, Andrew. I even understand you... some of the time... But I'm not about to... invest my emotions in a machine...

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW (sad, softly)
Sir once said the very same thing.

Andrew closes his eyes, as if in pain. But instead of crying, he touches his finger to his nose. Keeping his eyes closed:

ANDREW
Sir also said that things change, Portia. Things always change.

Portia stares at him. Because his eyes remain closed, she is able to look at him without hiding or pretense. In adversity, his is illuminated by an odd kind of dignity.

INT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - LABORATORY - DAY 131.

Expanded. More equipment. Andrew works with Rupert, who removes a 3" section of putty from a mold. Andrew is angry. Ranting. Raving.

ANDREW
She laughed at me. "A thing is itself, Andrew. Water is water" Yeah? What about ice?!? Steam?!?

RUPERT
You gotta' calm down, Hoss.

Rupert pokes at the putty. It bounces back. He crosses to an incubator, takes out a thin membrane, lays it over the putty. The membrane is tan colored, with black specks.

ANDREW
Do you know what it feels like to be laughed at?!? It's humiliating! An abomination!
(gestures to room)
Look at this! Look what I'm doing? I'm trying to make something of myself! I'm trying to fulfill my destiny! And does she notice? Does she care?!?

Rupert carries the putty, covered by membrane, across the lab, passing a machine where a makeshift, artificial "heart" beats... and arrives at a SKULL. One small section of the skull is still exposed to the BONE. Rupert begins to add the flesh and skin, completing a face. The black specks suggest a two day growth of beard. There is CURLY HAIR on the skull's head. The eyes are brown. It is a HUMAN FORM of Andrew. As Rupert works on the skull, Andrew continues.

ANDREW
I don't know why I even bother with Portia, except...well.... she's so...
(emotional)
...so exquisitely <u>beautiful</u>... <u>smart</u> and <u>brave</u> and...

== Script Fly.com ==

He sighs, the list is endless. Rupert finishes, steps back, admires the "face" on the skeleton. Very lifelike. He looks to Andrew.

RUPERT
Whattayou' think?

ANDREW
Good. But...
(a beat)
I'd like to change the hair.

RUPERT
Sure. How?

ANDREW
Straighter. Shorter on the back and sides. Fuller on top.

RUPERT
Anything else?

ANDREW
The eyes.

RUPERT
Yes?

ANDREW
I've always wanted blue eyes.

Rupert nods, oddly touched by this.

INT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - LABORATORY - LATER - NIGHT 132.

CLOSE-UP: A BLUE EYE. It is being inserted into an eye socket. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Rupert (with Galatea assisting) operates on Andrew's face. Andrew is conscious. The operation is very delicate.

EXT. PORTIA'S HOUSE - DAY 133.

Portia walks out of the house, down the stairs, turns a corner and almost bumps into:

PORTIA
Andrew! I was just coming to see you--

Portia pauses, notices something different about Andrew. His skin color is now perfect. He has hair. And his eyes... are blue. He looks quite handsome.

PORTIA
What have you done?

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ANDREW
Touch it.
(off her hesitation)
Go on.

Portia raises her hand, intrigued... Andrew brings her hand the rest of the way, to his face.

ANDREW
Flesh. Biochemically indistinguishable from yours. What am I now, Portia? Still a machine? Do you still laugh at me?

PORTIA (shakes her head)
I'm sorry for laughing at you... I get through life being amused at things... Which is not always how I feel...
(a beat)
Look, Andrew. I was coming to tell you...

ANDREW
Yes?

PORTIA
I'm getting married.

It takes an uncharacteristically long while for Andrew to fashion a response. He looks at her, at the trees, the clouds... as if everything was of interest to him...

ANDREW
Oh. Well. One of the ones you've mentioned? Terrence? Charles?

PORTIA
Charles.

ANDREW
My heartiest congratulations.

She stares at him... and starts to come unglued.

PORTIA
God damn it, Andrew. If you're going to succeed in this thing--

ANDREW
What thing?

PORTIA
What you're trying to do.
(finishing her thought)
--You're going to have to stop being so damned deferential!

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ANDREW
I can't help being deferential. It's built in.

PORTIA
Then change!

ANDREW
Change?!? I have cha--

PORTIA
Not on the outside! Inside! Take chances! Make mistakes!

He looks at her as if she were speaking in an alien tongue.

PORTIA
Sometimes it's important not to be perfect, okay? It's important to do the wrong thing.

ANDREW (stunned)
The wrong thing?

PORTIA (about herself?)
Yes!

ANDREW (puzzled)
What, to learn from these mistakes?

PORTIA
No. To make them. To find out what's real and what's not! To find out what you feel!

A long pause.

PORTIA
Human beings are terrible messes, Andrew.

ANDREW
Well, I'll grant you that. But still...
(frowns)
Is this what they call an irrational conversation?

PORTIA
A human conversation! Don't you see? What's right for most people in most situations isn't right for everyone in every situation! Real morality lies in following one's own heart!

ANDREW
That's what we have to do?

== Script Fly.com ==

PORTIA (desperate, not doing it)
Yes! You have a heart, Andrew. You do. I feel it. I don't understand it or even believe it sometimes, but I do feel it!

She's making a plea. Use your heart. Stop me from doing this. Andrew feels her staring at him, senses something more is being asked. But doesn't understand what it is.

ANDREW
You're saying... part of being a human being is messing everything up?

Portia stares at him, nods emphatically. He obviously isn't going to stop her from marrying Charles. Frustrated, Portia turns and walks away. Andrew stares after her, completely stunned.

ANDREW
Do the wrong thing.

INT. ANDREW'S BEACH COTTAGE - DAY 134.

Galatea is carrying some boxes for Rupert. He turns to her, pointing to a place where he would like the boxes.

RUPERT
You can put the boxes right--

GALATEA (tough)
I heard you the first time.

RUPERT (taken aback)
Umm. Okay. Fine. Well, when you're done with that, I'd like you to--

GALATEA (rude, annoyed)
Hey! One order at a time! Capiche'?
(points a finger at him)
Ya' know, I am gettin' pretty sick of you!

RUPERT (shocked)
What?!?...

GALATEA
All day long... Nag-nag-nag-nag-nag-nag... It's gettin' on my nerves! There's nothin' in the three rules that says I gotta' put up with your constant whining!

RUPERT (stunned)
"Whining"?... Well...

== Script Fly.com ==

Rupert stares at her, puzzled. Then he realizes something. He walks out of the room, leaving a rude Galatea behind.

EXT. BEACH - DAY 135

Andrew stands on the beach, peering through binoculars. His dog Woofy is beside him.

BINOCULAR POV: The Martin estate. A small cocktail PARTY is in progress, celebrating the engagement of Portia and Charles. Lloyd, Portia's Father, is beaming. The guests congratulate Portia. Andrew watches, talking to Woofy.

ANDREW
Quaint, eh Woofy?

BINOCULAR POV: The binoculars focus on a beaming PORTIA.

ANDREW (V.O.)
I'll tell you this much... She doesn't look very happy.

An angry Rupert walks up to Andrew.

RUPERT
What did you do to Galatea?

ANDREW
Replaced her personality chip.

RUPERT
Are you nuts?... She's become this rude... obnoxious--

ANDREW
I know. Wonderful, isn't it?

RUPERT
No. It's not. I need her back the way she was if I expect to get any work done!
(a beat)
Now... Where is her old personality chip?

Andrew digs in his pocket, gives the old chip back to Rupert.

RUPERT
Thank you.

ANDREW
Spoil-sport.

Andrew raises the binoculars back to his eyes. Rupert notices.

RUPERT
Who are you spying on?

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ANDREW
Portia. Her parents are throwing an engagement party.

Rupert shakes his head. Andrew notices something.

ANDREW
Oh... There he is... The prospective groom...

BINOCULAR POV: The binoculars FOCUS on Charles.

ANDREW
Is that his chin?!? Good God, the man has no chin at all... And no nose either, to speak of. His eyes are sunk way in...
(lowers binocs)
He's hardly got a face!
(dryly)
Not that that should stop her, of course.
(raises binocs again)
She has a right to choose whomever she likes.

Rupert is amused by this.

BINOCULARS' POV: Charles puts his arm around Portia, kisses her cheek... Disgusted, Andrew throws the binoculars into the sand.

ANDREW
One day she's going to wake up and look at him, as if for the first time, and realize that his face closely resembles an under-the-counter refrigerator. The antique kind, where the ice trays frost up.
(an awful realization)
Oh. Oh my God.

RUPERT
What?

ANDREW
I'm jealous.

Rupert tries to comfort him, but Andrew is too upset. He comes upon another, more awful realization.

ANDREW
And if I'm jealous... that means...
(a beat)
I'm in love.

Upset, Andrew turns and stalks into the house. Woofy follows.

RUPERT (calls after him)
Andrew!...

== Script Fly.com ==

But Andrew does not look back. He enters the house, slams the door. Rupert watches. His face filled with concern. Worry.

INT. ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT 136

Andrew watches old holographic video clips of Portia. He projects them into the middle of the room. Andrew speaks to himself. Softly His voice dead. Lifeless. For the first time, devoid of all hope.

ANDREW
I've lost her.

Andrew stops the projections. In his hand is the double-male electrical cord. The other is plugged into the wall. Andrew drops his end of the cord, not inserting it into his chest. He stands, very slowly, and exits the room, leaving Woofy behind.

EXT. ANDREW'S HOME - NIGHT 137

A bright, moonlit night. A depressed Andrew exits the house and walks off down the beach.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT 138

An enormous junkyard, filled with rusted futuristic automobiles, trucks, assorted vehicles, discarded robots and their parts. Andrew enters. He walks to the far end of the junkyard, sits down amidst a pile of broken, old robots. Andrew leans back. He closes his eyes.

EXT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - THE FOLLOWING DAY 139.

A distraught Rupert stands on the beach, Andrew's power cord in his hand. Galatea walks up beside him. Rupert turns to her.

RUPERT
Left his power cord. Without recharging, he's got three days.

INT. ANDREW'S COTTAGE - THREE DAYS LATER - DAY 140.

Rupert, disheveled, unkempt, is on the phone with the Police.

RUPERT
Whattayou' mean you're gonna' call off the search?!? It's only been three days! No! He's not just a robot!... I mean...
(passionate)
Your Mom or your wife or maybe even you are walking around right now because of him... because of one of the artificial organs that he designed... So he is not just a robot!

== Script Fly.com ==

Rupert hangs up. Angry. Frustrated. He looks down, sees Woofy nuzzling at his leg, looking up at him. Rupert gets an idea.

RUPERT
Woofy. Can you help?

EXT. BEACH - DAY 141.

Rupert and Galatea walk out. Woofy is beside them. The dog begins to follow a scent along the beach. Rupert and Galatea follow.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY 142.

Andrew, eyes closed, still, motionless, lies ignored amidst the pile of robots. In the background, workers dump more junk into the area.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN on ANDREW'S FACE. There is a slight twitch. A slight spark... of life. Andrew's eyes open slightly.

ANDREW'S POV: Something enters frame. Coming toward him. A HAND. It softly strokes his forehead. A girl's hand. It's Portia!

He manages a weak smile. Tries to open his eyes a little more. Focuses. Sees:

Not Portia, but Woofy licking his cheek. Behind him are Rupert and Galatea. Andrew closes his eyes. Remains still. Motionless. Rupert turns to Galatea.

RUPERT
Let's get him home.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 143.

Andrew lifeless body lies on the operating table. Rupert examines him. Concerned, he looks to Galatea.

RUPERT
The power loss has caused most of his organs to shut down...

GALATEA
We can replace those.

RUPERT
Yeah... But his positronic brain... The damage could be extensive... irreparable... He'll have lost every memory... every level of his personality... His creativity... Intelligence... All gone.
(looks at Galatea)
He won't even know us.

== Script Fly.com ==

WE DISSOLVE INTO VERY QUICK CUTS OF Rupert and Galatea working feverishly on Andrew. They replace organs, body parts and positronic pathways. DAY moves into NIGHT, and back into DAY.

Woofy the dog stands nearby at all times. Watching. Hopeful.

After several days, their work is complete. Andrew's body is REPAIRED. He lies on the operating table. Still. Lifeless.

Rupert moves to an elaborate, electronic, high tech machine that is attached to Andrew's body. He turns it "ON".

Andrew's body quivers. Trembles.

Rupert and Galatea wait in anticipation.

Andrew opens his eyes.

Rupert turns "OFF" the machine. He and Galatea wait. For some kind of response.

Andrew sits up. He looks around the room. At Rupert. At Galatea. At the vast array of equipment. Andrew's expression is puzzled. Confused. Rupert exchanges a worried look with Galatea. Woofy leaps onto the table, jumps up on Andrew and licks his face. Andrew pauses, looks at the dog. A long beat.

ANDREW
Hello, Woofy.

Rupert smiles. Andrew turns to Rupert, concerned.

ANDREW
Why have you brought me back?

Overcome with emotion, Rupert embraces Andrew.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 144.

Andrew sits in front of a fire. Depressed. Rupert walks up, sits beside Andrew. Rupert is drinking a beer. Andrew turns to Rupert.

ANDREW
I have lost all hope.

RUPERT
No. You haven't. Not yet.

ANDREW
What do you mean?

RUPERT (takes a drink of beer)
I have an idea. For another upgrade.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Go on.

RUPERT (extends beer)
Would you like a drink?

ANDREW
You know. I can't.

RUPERT
What if you could?

ANDREW (intrigued)
That. Would be exquisite.

RUPERT
I've got a design... a modification... that would enable you to deal with solid food.

ANDREW
And taste?

RUPERT
Yes. Taste, too.

Andrew is intrigued. Rupert continues.

RUPERT
Also... I've worked out a method to... To make you a complete man.

ANDREW
Complete?

RUPERT
Well, not entirely... Not in a reproductive sort of way... But I think... At least I can try... to approximate the feeling of...

ANDREW
Sexual relations.

RUPERT
Yes.

ANDREW (excited, hopeful)
I've always been... curious... about that... well... because of what... Because of what people say it is.

RUPERT
What do they say?

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
That you can lose yourself. Everything. All boundary. All time. Your bodies get mixed up so you don't know who's who and what's what and just when the sweet confusion is at it its most intense, something's there, with you that must be God and you think you're going to die and you kind of... do.
(a pause)
Leaving you alone again in your separate body. But the person you love is still there. That's the miracle: You've been to heaven and come back alive, and you can go back again, with her, whenever you want.

He looks at Rupert: that's it, right? That's sex?

RUPERT (joking)
And you want to experience that?

ANDREW (very serious)
Yes, please.

RUPERT
So do I.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 145

Rupert is operating. Galatea hands him instruments. Andrew's body is opened up, organs on display. He is awake.

ANDREW
Can you explain something?

Rupert glances at him, returns to work.

ANDREW
People think a machine can't have a soul, is that right?

RUPERT
I guess.

ANDREW
Especially religious people.

RUPERT
Whatever you say.

ANDREW
How do they pray to such a weak God? He can't give a soul wherever he wants to?

== Script Fly.com ==

Rupert stops working, stares at Andrew.

RUPERT
You know, Hoss... this is not an easy operation. I gotta' concentrate here.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BUILDING - PUBLISHING FIRM - DAY 146.

Establishing shot of a tall, modern office building in the heart of the financial district. Many of the buildings are similar to today's San Francisco skyline. But there is a futuristic design to several of the surrounding buildings and public transportation systems.

INT. PORTIA'S OFFICE - DAY 147.

Portia sits in a glassed-in, well appointed office on the 44th Floor, with a spectacular view of downtown San Francisco. Portia is dictating to her ROBOTIC SECRETARY. After a moment, the Secretary looks past Portia, reacting to something outside. Portia turns.

Andrew is HOVERING outside of Portia's window, using the type of battery-pack, auto-propulsion system we saw earlier. Portia, taken aback, turns to her Secretary.

PORTIA
Would you excuse me for a moment?

The Secretary exits. Portia walks up to the window, opens it.

PORTIA
Andrew?

ANDREW
I'm desperate.

PORTIA
I can see that.

ANDREW
Am I too late? Are you married?

PORTIA
No. A week from Saturday--

ANDREW
Thank God. Meet me downstairs.

Andrew plummets out of sight. Portia stares, shakes her head.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY 148.

Portia exits her building, walks up to Andrew, who FLIES beside her.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Are you absolutely positive you're doing the right thing?

PORTIA
Positive?

ANDREW
About getting married.

PORTIA
I'm never positive about anything.

ANDREW (hopeful)
So you could be doing the wrong thing.

PORTIA (flustered)
No... I... I'm pretty sure I'm doing the right thing...

ANDREW
Great!

PORTIA (confused)
What? Why is that "great"?

ANDREW
Well, you told me to do the wrong thing and I assume that's what you believe, so if you're not doing the wrong thing and you are doing the right thing I can safely say that you are not following your own advice and you should definitely not be marrying this man Charles.

PORTIA (trying to follow)
Because I would be doing the right thing.

ANDREW
Precisely.

PORTIA (a beat)
In some strange way you're starting to make sense.

ANDREW
Good. Do you have any idea what it's like to love somebody who's engaged to marry someone else?... Somebody who's completely magnificent... Somebody you know is lying to herself?...

PORTIA
Lying?

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Convincingly.

PORTIA
About what?

ANDREW
Well she thinks she doesn't love you much at all, but you know in a way, some way at least, that she does.

PORTIA
How do you know that?

He stares at her... and changes the subject.

ANDREW
Portia... I've done everything. I've replaced... Inside? I am basically undeniably medically human.

PORTIA (confused)
Andrew...? What for?

ANDREW
You.

PORTIA
But that stuff doesn't matter to me.

ANDREW
Well something matters. It could be even the smallest thing, so one takes care of even the smallest thing. Because if nothing mattered at all, I have to believe you'd love me...
(fast, under his breath)
...and not some man with a face like a refrigerator.

PORTIA (didn't quite hear)
What did you say?

ANDREW
I said if you don't admit you love me even a little, I'll go bananas just like my friend Rupert Burns predicted.

She does not react. Andrew stops flying, lands beside Portia, looks into her eyes.

ANDREW
Could I kiss you please?

== Script Fly.com ==

Portia is taken off guard. Silent. Andrew continues.

ANDREW
Once would be sufficient. As well as answering my question, it's also a very very deep-- it's a profoundly deep hunger!

PORTIA
I can't, Andrew. I'm getting married.

ANDREW
Just a quick one. A quick kiss can't possibly threaten a glorious marriage, and I need it desperately, and I also want to see... Well... When we kissed before, at the park? Your pulse rate went from 64 to 99, your respiration rate doubled, you put out clouds of pheromones--

PORTIA
What?!? It's not fair to read me like that!

ANDREW
It's not?

PORTIA
No!

ANDREW
I'm only reading your heart and asking you to follow it.

She looks at him.

ANDREW (passionate)
Begging you. I know it's supposed to be humiliating to beg, but I don't care. Humiliation can't be worse than this!
(stops, softly)
It's you and me, Portia.
(a beat)
You know it is.
(a beat)
From the very first moment--

She pulls Andrew toward her and KISSES HIM.

It obviously feels quite good.

After a short while, she thinks she ought to stop.

He doesn't let her.

Which makes her realize that she doesn't really want to stop.

The kiss goes on. And on...

== Script Fly.com ==

PEDESTRIANS stare. An older WOMAN arches an eyebrow...

The kiss takes on epic proportions. A quick break for air:

PORTIA
I thought you said a quick kiss.

ANDREW
I was wrong.

They resume kissing... and soon forget where they are. It becomes more intimate, more passionate... and more public.

EVERY PEDESTRIAN in the area has now stopped and is staring in wonder, jealousy...

One last glorious moment... and they have to come up for air.

PORTIA (overcome)
Wow...

ANDREW (smiles)
One is glad to be of use.

PORTIA (laughs, hits him)
Shut up.

She looks around, sees everyone staring at them, smiling...

PORTIA
Let's get out of here.

A BUS at the corner. They run for it.

INT. BUS - DAY 149.

A ROBOT drives. Andrew and Portia climb on, plop down on a seat and hold hands. Andrew is beside himself, ecstatic. He turns to her.

ANDREW
Finally. I've done the wrong thing.

They exchange a laugh. Then a thought comes to Portia. Her face falls. She looks away.

ANDREW
What?
(realizes)
Oh dear. The marriage to Charles.

PORTIA
Yes.

They both nod soberly. Andrew ponders her unfortunate lot.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
It'll be hard going through with it.

PORTIA
I'm not going to go through with it!
I'm gonna' have to tell him!

ANDREW
Oh! That will be truly awful!

PORTIA
Yes. Yes it will.
(a beat)
But Andrew, it's not the worst thing.
The worst... Well... if this really
works between us?... You and I will
never be... accepted... We can't be
married... or anything.

Andrew stares at her. He presses a button on the bus. A sign flashes: STOP NEXT STOP.

PORTIA
What are you doing?

ANDREW (stands)
Well, while you talk to Charles,
I'd better get started.

PORTIA
Started with what?

ANDREW (isn't it obvious)
The next step. The next phase.
(intense)
I am not here by accident, Portia.
I have a destiny. A purpose.

The bus stops. Andrew leans toward her and whispers, with an endearing touch of self importance:

ANDREW
With you beside me, I may be strong
enough to accomplish the task for which,
I sincerely believe, I was created.

With confidence and strength, he walks off the bus. WE CUT TO CLOSE UPS, QUICK FLASHES OF CNN TV INTERVIEWS with POLITICIANS, POLITICAL ANALYSTS and MAN-ON-THE-STREET.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY 150.

RED FACED SENATOR
Absolutely the most absurd thing I've
ever heard. He's got no hope.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. OFFICE - DAY 151.

POLITICAL ANALYST
It will never happen. Ever.

EXT. STREET - DAY 152.

MAN-ON-THE-STREET
I mean... Yeah... Sure... If he wants to go for it, why not?

EXT. CHURCH - DAY 153.

BAPTIST MINISTER
It's against everything in the Scriptures. He's a disgrace to every religion. And a disgrace to this great country.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY 154.

POLITICAL ANALYST
He's an impressive speaker. He makes a valid point... and he does it with intelligence, wit and emotion. I think he's got a very good chance when he faces the World Legislature next month.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - THE WORLD LEGISLATURE - DAY 155.

ESTABLISHING SHOT. An enormous, dome shaped building that dwarfs all of the other architectural wonders of our Nation's Capitol.

INT. WORLD LEGISLATURE - DAY 156.

We are inside of a vast coliseum-like chamber in which 100 SENATORS (men and women of all races) are gathered.

The chamber is also filled with spectators and hundreds of representatives of the World Press. The room is large, beautiful and futuristic, suggesting unimaginable technological wonders. Seated in the middle of the floor, facing the LEGISLATURE PRESIDENT, an ELDERLY MAN, are Andrew, Portia and his two lawyers, HARRIS and MITCHELL. The PRESIDENT looks at Andrew, motions to him.

PRESIDENT
Andrew Martin. Step forward please.

Andrew looks at Portia, squeezes her hand, kisses her, and walks forward. He looks up, to the towering, oppressive President.

PRESIDENT
So, Mr. Martin... You would like us to pass a bill... declaring you... a human being.

== Script Fly.com ==

There is a general murmur from the crowd. Some snickers. Hundreds of TV CAMERAS record the event. Andrew clears his throat.

ANDREW
Yes, Sir.

PRESIDENT
And why do you feel... that we should support this bill?

ANDREW
Well... I am the equal of any human being in any ability you could name, and superior to many--

PRESIDENT (smiles)
Egotistical as well.

ANDREW
No. No. It has nothing to do with ego... I am just stating fact... And I feel... I want... the full legal status I'm entitled to.

PRESIDENT (disapproving)
Entitled?

ANDREW
Entitled. Yes.

PRESIDENT
We have to face the undeniable fact that however much you may be like a human being in intelligence and capabilities... even appearance... nevertheless, you simply are not a human being.

Andrew steps forward, speaking passionately.

ANDREW
In what way? I have the shape of a human... I have bodily organs equivalent to those of a human being... I have the mental ability of a human being... The emotional ability... I can eat... sweat... fart... make love like a human being... I have contributed artistically and scientifically to human culture as much as any human being alive now. What more can you ask?

PRESIDENT
You are not part of the human gene pool. You are outside of it entirely. You may resemble a human being, but in fact you are something else, something... artificial.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW (intense)
What about the real people out there? The "members" of the gene pool who are walking around with bodies full of prosthetic devices? Devices, which, incidentally, I invented. Aren't these people "artificial"... at least in part?

PRESIDENT
In part. Yes.

ANDREW
Well, I'm human in part.

PRESIDENT
Which part, Andrew?

Andrew points to his heart.

ANDREW
Here.

The President nods, points to his own head.

PRESIDENT
And here?

ANDREW (taken aback)
Well... I am... It is true... I am still equipped with a positronic brain.

PRESIDENT
And because of that "positronic" brain... You are, for all accounts... immortal.

ANDREW (nods)
Yes.

PRESIDENT
Well, Andrew... Society can tolerate an immortal robot. But we will never tolerate an immortal human. It arouses too much jealousy. Too much anger.

Andrew sighs, glances back, gives a defeated look to Portia. They both know what's coming.

PRESIDENT
I'm sorry, Andrew. This Court cannot and will not validate your humanity. Nor will we legally validate your marriage to Portia Charney.

The President stands, continues.

== Script Fly.com ==

PRESIDENT
I hereby bring an end to these proceedings. It is the decision of this Court that Andrew Martin, from this day forward, will continue to be declared, a robot. A mechanical machine. Nothing more.

There is a general murmur in the press box. Andrew embraces Portia. Depressed. Defeated.

EXT. WORLD LEGISLATURE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY 157

Andrew, Portia and their lawyers hurry down the front stairs of the Legislature, surrounded by crowds of spectators, both supporters and protesters, and frenzied media crews: videotaping, recording, shouting questions:

REPORTER
Mr. Martin... Will you appeal?

MITCHELL (interrupts)
The Legislature has ruled that there will be no appeal. But we will appeal that--

Andrew and Portia are escorted into a waiting, high tech limousine. The lawyers follow.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 158.

The limousine cannot move, surrounded by the dense crowd. Andrew's lawyer, Harris, tries to cheer him up.

HARRIS
I have an idea. Mitchell doesn't agree. But there is one sure way. To get what you want.

ANDREW (excited)
Really? What is it?

HARRIS
You own patents on your prosthetic organs. You have the legal right to withdraw them from the market.

ANDREW
That would cost lives.

HARRIS
A few.

ANDREW
And would be... blackmail.

== Script Fly.com ==

HARRIS
It's the sort of sensible, practical thing real human beings do every day of the week.

Andrew takes a long pause, looks at Harris.

ANDREW
How interesting. You perceive that I would do anything for this.

Harris nods.

ANDREW
And you're offering me a sure-fire way to get it.

Harris nods again. Andrew is feeling quite pleased with himself.

ANDREW
Murder and blackmail are certainly human activities, but they're not what we usually mean by "human", are they, Harris?
(a beat)
Look... I hate to hurt your feelings... But you're fired.

Harris looks at him in shock, then gets out of the limousine. The limousine begins to drive away. Mitchell looks at Andrew.

MITCHELL
People always feel good when they fire their lawyer.
(a thought flickers)
Of course, it's possible that was some kind of moral test. In which case you passed with flying colors.

Harris stares into the back window of the car, at Mitchell: are you coming? Mitchell turns back to Andrew.

MITCHELL
If you want, I'd like to continue, in proper, legal ways, to work for your bill... as long as your artificial organs will sustain me.

Andrew nods, but a profound sadness covers his face. He's experiencing that rare moment of doubt, verging on despair.

ANDREW
What do you think? Will we ever win?

Mitchell pauses, looks away. He doesn't. Andrew turns to Portia.

== Script Fly.com ==

She squeezes his hand, gives him a frail smile. She doesn't think so. Andrew clutches her tighter.

ANDREW
Thank God I have you.

Andrew kisses her cheek. Whispers.

ANDREW
Only you.

But there is a flicker of something... hesitation... uncertainty? - in Portia's eyes. CAMERA COMES CLOSER, past their faces, onto their hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARTIN ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY 159.

CLOSE-UP: Andrew and Portia's hands. But now, Portia's are older, wrinkled. Her face appears to be in her early fifties. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in the backyard of Portia and Andrew's home. We see that they have inherited the Martin estate. They sit in the back yard, beneath the big tree, both sipping red wine. A TITLE APPEARS:

FIFTY YEARS LATER. 2133.

PORTIA
Andrew.

He turns to her.

PORTIA
I have to tell you... I'm beginning to be... not so sure.

ANDREW
What, about me?!?

PORTIA
Oh, please. Of course not.
(a beat)
Next week will be my seventy fifth birthday... And I look 50.

ANDREW
A spectacular 50.

PORTIA
But, Andrew...
(sighs, tired)
I don't always feel fifty.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW (the positive side)
But sometimes you do. Last Monday was very good--

PORTIA
Shut up and listen, will you?

He stops talking, looks at her.

PORTIA
And don't give me that look. I'm not ordering you around. We're having a fight!

ANDREW
Whatever you say.

PORTIA
And don't be in one of your agreeable moods when we're fighting!

ANDREW
Screw you. I'm not agreeable.
(agreeably)
Unless of course you wish me to be.

Portia stands, finally losing it.

PORTIA
Damn it, Andrew! I'm trying to tell you something important!
(a beat)
I'm not going to live forever.

Silence.

ANDREW
One day you will... leave.

PORTIA
Yes.

ANDREW
It's possible I will weep until the end of time.
(but logic prevails)
If I can keep up my liquids.

She smiles, amused and touched, but:

PORTIA
Yes, but... Andrew... I'm saying something more...
(a beat)
I don't want to live as long as I possibly can.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
Sure you do. That's why I invented--

PORTIA
Listen to me.
(off his look)
I won't always take your DNA elixirs. I won't replace all my organs. Eventually, I am going to wear out.
(softly)
And I want to.

ANDREW (a hard realization)
You don't love me.

PORTIA
Of course I love you! It's just... There's an order to things. Human beings are made to be here for a certain time, and then pass on. It's... what's right.

He stares at her a long time. A firestorm of mental activity.

ANDREW
I see.
(nods soberly, quotes "Sir")
"Juncture. Recognize what it is. React in a responsible fashion."

PORTIA
Excuse me?

ANDREW
There's just one problem, Portia. I couldn't stand it. To live without you.

He turns away from her, stares into the distance. As if peering at his own fate. This is the MOMENT OF DECISION.

ANDREW
There's only one thing to do.

INT. LAW FIRM - NIGHT 160.

Andrew and Mitchell, now a very elderly gentleman, sit alone in the big office. Only one lamp is lit. Mitchell gives a surprised look to Andrew.

MITCHELL
But we would surely lose.

Andrew nods patiently. That is the point.

== Script Fly.com ==

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Andrew and Portia share a picnic lunch. A sense of profound peace and happiness between them. Andrew looks up, sees the elderly lawye Mitchell walking toward them.

ANDREW
Mitchell? You have news?

Mitchell nods, sits beside them both.

MITCHELL
I petitioned to have Senator Owen Johnson, from Ohio, to be deprived of his legal rights. On the grounds that he is no longer human.

PORTIA
What? But... why?

MITCHELL
He has twelve of Andrew's artificial organs.

ANDREW
And? Well?

MITCHELL
We lost, Sir. Denied on all accounts.

Andrew shakes hands with Mitchell. Portia is still confused.

ANDREW
Congratulations, Mitchell. Masterfully done.

MITCHELL
Thank you, Sir.

PORTIA
Wait... I don't get it... Why is it so great that you lost?

MITCHELL
The principle is now established at all levels of the Judiciary.
(smiles)
Artificial parts, including the brain, do not deprive anyone of their humanity.

Portia nods, beginning to understand.

MITCHELL
It may take awhile... Probably not in my lifetime... but this should eventually persuade the World Court to allow you to appeal their original decision.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW (nods)
This means... well, there's just the one issue left...

MITCHELL
Yes, Sir.

PORTIA (puzzled)
What's that?

Andrew turns to Portia, looks at her.

ANDREW
Remember what the World Legislature said...
(a beat)
"People can tolerate an immortal robot, but never an immortal human..."

Portia pauses. It all makes sense. Tears fill her eyes. She looks at Andrew.

PORTIA
No, Andrew. You can't--

ANDREW
I have no choice.

PORTIA (crying)
Andrew. Please. No...

ANDREW
Finally, my dear...
(softly, romantic)
We can grow old together.

Tears stream down Portia's face. But she realizes that it's the only way. She embraces Andrew. He comforts her.

EXT. A TOWERING OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 162.

A sleek, expensive, modern futuristic structure. A sign on the front reads:

RUPERT BURNS ENTERPRISES

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY 163.

Andrew lies on the table. A deep RED LIQUID drips into him from an I.V. Rupert Burns enters frame. He is now a distinguished, prosperous, gentleman in his eighties. His operating room is sleek, high tech and filled with the latest technological equipment. He unhappily checks Andrew's IV. Galatea, still at his side, assists.

== Script Fly.com ==

RUPERT
Just goes to show, Hoss...
(sardonic, as ever)
Somebody becomes a human being? Sooner or later they're gonna' do something monumentally stupid.

ANDREW (smiles)
Thank you, Rupert. How quickly will the blood degrade my system?

RUPERT
Depends. If you eat right, exercise... maybe 35... 40 years...

ANDREW
There's no way at all to know how long I'll last?

RUPERT
Sorry.
(smiles)
Welcome to the human condition.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WORLD LEGISLATURE - DAY 164.

A TITLE appears onscreen:

FORTY YEARS LATER. 2173.

The same room as earlier, filled with Senators, spectators and media. The World Legislature President is now a 43 year old ASIAN WOMAN.

Portia, now an ELDERLY WOMAN, sits at a table. Beside her, is Andrew. But his face is HIDDEN in the shadows. His voice is frail, but casual and intimate, as if he's talking to a good friend.

ANDREW
I try to make sense of things. Which is why, I guess, I believe in destiny. There must be a reason I am as I am. There must be.

Andrew stands, walks forward, steps INTO THE LIGHT. He is an OLD MAN, in appearance, roughly the same age as Portia. His hair is thinning. Gray. His skin is wrinkled. He looks at the Legislature.

ANDREW
As you can see... I am no longer... immortal.

There are whispers, gasps from the Legislature.

== Script Fly.com ==

PRESIDENT
You have arranged to die?

ANDREW (nods)
In a sense. Yes. I am growing older. And my body... slowly... like all of you... is eventually shutting down.

PRESIDENT
But... Wouldn't that be in violation of the Third Law?

ANDREW
No. There is more than one sort of death, and the Third Law does not differentiate between them. But I do. What I have done, is to choose between the death of my body and the death of my aspirations and desires. To have let my body live at the cost of the greater death... that is a true violation of the Third Law. Not this. As a robot, I might have lived forever. But I tell you all today... that I would rather die a man than live eternally as a robot.

PRESIDENT
Why do you want this?

ANDREW
I don't know. But I do think we all want to be acknowledged.
(a beat)
Recognized for who and what we are. No more or less. No acclaim or... Just the bare truth. This is, I believe, an elemental drive of the greatest possible force. And it must be achieved, if we are to live - or die - in harmony.

He stops. Bows slightly. Moves back awkwardly, beside Portia. Age has taken its toll.

A lone SPECTATOR stands and claps.

After a moment, a few others also stand and applaud.

The majority join the applause, but from sitting position, and with greater restraint.

Still, it is an intensely emotional moment for Andrew.

Tears run down his face.

It's the first time we've seen him cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

EXT. MARTIN HOME - DAY 165.

A cloudy, rainy day. The ocean waves are high, thrashing against th rocks.

INT. ANDREW AND PORTIA'S BEDROOM - DAY 166.

Andrew and Portia's room has been transformed into a makeshift Hospital room. They lie side by side, in separate hospital beds. Both are very old, very weak. A ROBOTIC NURSE is fussing over them.

NURSE
You sure you don't want to watch?

PORTIA
Quite sure.

The Nurse nods, leaves. Portia turns to Andrew.

PORTIA
It doesn't matter, Andrew, what the World Congress says.

He smiles wanly.

PORTIA
Why do you even need their approval?

ANDREW
Habit, I guess. I was born a robot. I like to be told certain things.

PORTIA
But it wasn't Rupert's operations that made you human.

ANDREW
I know that. It was you.

She looks away, touched.

ANDREW
To be loved by you, so completely...

PORTIA
I think you're wrong.

ANDREW
I have a right to be wrong. It's only human.

PORTIA
It wasn't my loving you. You did it. It was your own feeling, for Sir and Little Miss, for me... that's what transformed you.

== Script Fly.com ==

ANDREW
You really think so?

She nods.

ANDREW
I hold to my original opinion.

PORTIA
We disagree?

He nods.

PORTIA
How lovely.

The Nurse comes back in.

NURSE
I don't care what you say, I'm going to--

She hits a switch on the wall. The room is transformed. Three-dimensional images appear on all sides of the room, as if we were actually at the WORLD CONGRESS. The Asian Woman President, looking a few years older, is speaking.

PRESIDENT
According to records of the U.S. Robotics Company, the robot also known as Andrew Martin was powered up at 5:15 PM on April 3, 2020. In a few hours, he will be 174 years old, which means that with the exception of Methuselah and other Biblical figures...

Portia looks over at Andrew. His eyes are closed.

PRESIDENT
Andrew is the oldest living human being who ever lived. For it is by this proclamation that I validate his marriage to Portia Charney and acknowledge his humanity.

Portia smiles at Andrew's peaceful look.

Then she realizes something.

Portia motions to the Nurse, who walks to Andrew and feels for a pulse.

The Nurse looks up at Portia.

We know from her expression that Andrew is gone.

Portia nods, indicates the Sensaround TV.

== Script Fly.com ==

PORTIA
Could you please turn it off?

The Nurse does.

NURSE
I'm sorry he didn't see it.

PORTIA
I guess he didn't need to after all.
Could you do me one more favor?

NURSE
Certainly.

PORTIA
Would you mind unplugging me?

The Nurse hesitates.

PORTIA
That's an order, Nurse.

The Nurse blinks repeatedly, goes to the wall and unplugs Portia's life support.

PORTIA
And if you could just push my bed
a little closer to his.

The Nurse moves the bed.

PORTIA
Thank you.

The Nurse bows slightly, paying tribute to the most famous of her kind.

NURSE
As the great Andrew Martin used to
say: One is glad to be of use.

The Nurse leaves. Portia turns toward Andrew, takes his hand.

PORTIA
Have a good night, Sweetheart.

Her own life force begins to fade...

PORTIA (almost inaudible)
See you soon.

Her HAND clutches his... and slowly relaxes. Even in this state of ultimate relaxation - death - their fingertips still touch. HOLD this sweet image, background, as these words fade up:

== Script Fly.com ==

Teams of scientists analyzed Andrew's positronic brain. It was found to be "identical in all respects to the other NDR robots built by the manufacturer."

FADE OUT.

THE END.

SCRIPTFLY

== Script Fly.com ==